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Brady Family Reunion

AND

Fragments of Brady History and Biography



BY

William G. Murdock

MILTON, PA.

1909

Brady Family Reunion

AND

Fragments of Brady History and Biography



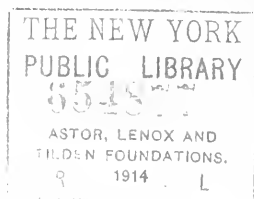
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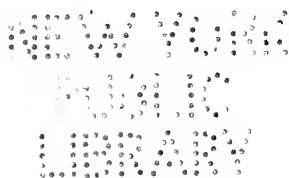
Brady



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Accommodations

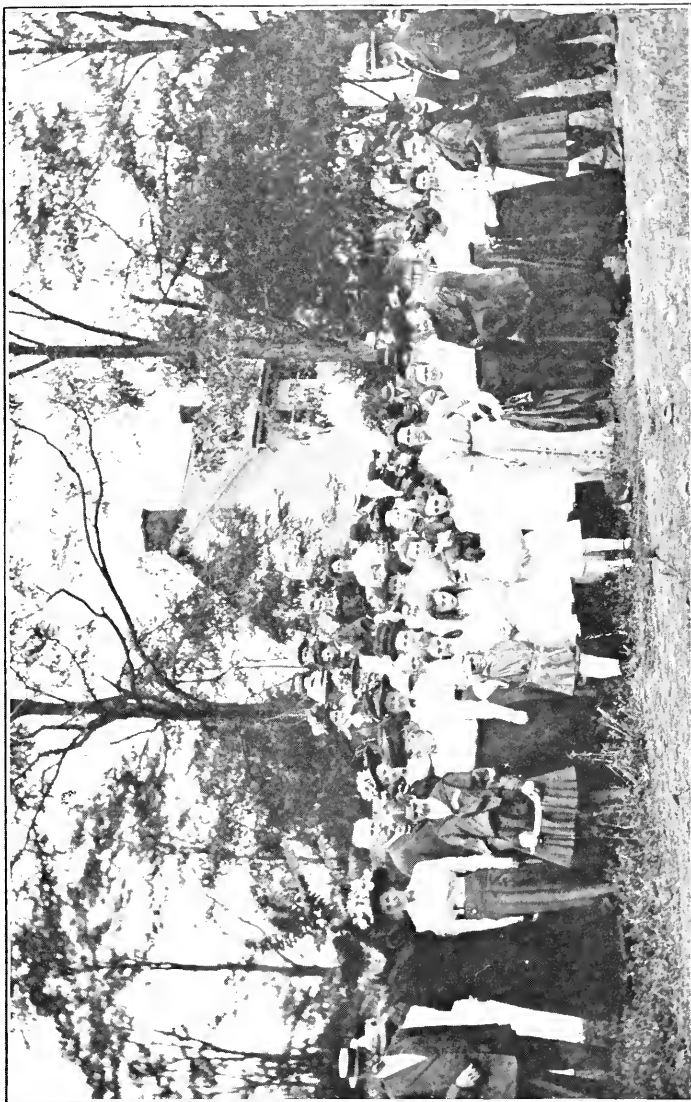
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Genealogy

Silas W. Brady - - - - - - Home, Pa.

William Y. Brady - - - - - Pittsburgh, Pa.



AT OLD HUGH BRADY HOMESTEAD, AUG. 18, 1909.

The Visit to the Hugh Brady Homestead

In all ages of the world's history shrines have been visited by worshiping pilgrims, and the anticipations of years were realized on the eighteenth of August, when the descendants of Hugh and Hannah Brady gazed with reverence and affection on the time worn paths and sacred haunts of their forefathers. Five miles from Shippensburg, in Hopewell Township, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, is the homestead, the Blue or Kittochtinny Mountains, two miles to the north, and the romantic windings of the Conodoguinet Creek, outlining, like a silver thread, the green fields, a hundred yards to the south. Beautiful in its grandeur, sublime in its tranquil glory, the valley stretches eastward to the Susquehanna, southwest into Maryland, and is most charming and picturesque at this spot.

In 1744 and 1745 two hundred acres of land were granted to Hugh Brady, who came from Delaware prior to that date. Some years later two sons, Hugh and Joseph Brady, came into possession of the western part of this land grant, and disposed of it in 1794.

The old log house, around which clusters hallowed associations, stood within sight of the creek, and afforded a secure hiding place from the Indians. The greater portion has long since gone to decay and has been supplanted by a frame dwelling house, but the living room remains unchanged, its low ceiling and small windows bearing testimony to the architecture of a hundred and fifty years ago. The southern wide quaint stone chimney, built by our ancestor, is also a relic of those early days. Gazing into the fireplace, where huge logs burned and made bright the evening hours in that dim dead past, we drifted in memory across the intervening years, and looked into the hearts and faces of those who had woven life's great story within its glow.

The most magnificent landmark is an oak tree, peerless in beauty, spreading its branches as though in loving protection to shield the earth from summer heat and wintry blasts. Centuries

have not defaced its loveliness, nor the axe of the woodsman marred its symmetry. Beneath its shades and around the house where our ancestors went to and fro, drawing water from the old well, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Piper, the present owners of the farm, taking sweet counsel together, storing away in memory traditions and family lore, friend holding fellowship with friend, the day passed rapidly, and towards the close of the afternoon we were reminded that all good things come to an end, and even a Brady picnic is not everlasting.

One hundred kinsmen and interested associates left with reluctant feet the hills and Indian trails, the meadow and the mountain, the hanging foot bridge and the shimmering waters of the Conodoguinet, dear to the heart, because intimately linked with the lives of a worthy ancestry to whom it is a privilege to pay homage.

Crossing the creek at the place used by Hugh and Hannah Brady, we found their resting place, three miles towards Shippensburg, in the lower graveyard at Middle Spring, where the people of Hopewell organized a Presbyterian Church in 1738, and doubtless the Brady family were among its most loyal supporters. The old log building, thirty-five feet square, stood near the gate of the graveyard and on the bank of the stream, which ripples merrily along until it is lost in the embraces of the Conodoguinet.

Around the building the early settlers buried their dead in the lonely woodland, where unbroken stillness reigned. The oldest enclosure is especially interesting, because of its connection with the long ago, and an estimate shows one hundred and four marked and two thousand unmarked graves, around which a wall of limestone was erected prior to 1805. It is still in a good state of preservation, and is similar to that around the burial ground more recently opened. The oldest stone bears date 1770. In this lower graveyard we contemplate erecting a fitting memorial to the memory of our ancestors.

And here we paused—days, months and years roll on, unheeded by them; the soft wind sighs in the sunlit boughs of the forest trees; the glow of the evening tinges with gold the sloping hillside; the youth and maiden pass by; the aged wait and drop a tear; lover and friend clasp hands above a new made grave; a father weeps, a mother prays; a holy benediction fills the air; and still they slumber on, unmindful that more than a thousand

descendants unite in paying loving tribute to those devout pioneer ancestors who bequeathed to us a goodly heritage.

In the evening as the train bore us from Shippensburg to our homes and hotels to spend the night, we found a unanimous verdict of a happy day—the drive across the valley, a summer shower, a rift in the clouds, a flood of sunlight, a bridge, wild flowers by the roadside, a glimpse of children at a cottage window, an old-fashioned garden, a mill, sunbeams on the mountain, the gentle flow of a stream, trees mirrored in the water, the gladness of reaching the dear old home, lunch on the grass, the rapture of lingering in hallowed places, pledges of friendship, fording the creek, a burst of song from a forest warbler, a church on the hill-top and the graves where sleep our dead, tangled vines, cornfields and meadowland, orchards and farmhouses, a bright blue sky, a glorious sunset, a cherished word at parting, and the artist painted on the canvas of remembrance, a picture which even the touches of time shall not obliterate.

In addition to the following list of descendants who were present, were a number of friends who did not register their names.

Mrs. Richard Coulter, Mrs. John Barclay, Master Jack Barclay, Mrs. Denna C. Ogden, Mrs. Maurice W. Keefer, Greensburg, Pa.; Miss Rachel Brady, Miss Helen Brady Alexander, Franklin, Pa.; R. A. Thompson, Mrs. Josephine Brady Thompson, Mrs. Clarence V. McCreight, Indiana, Pa.; William G. Murdock, Milton, Pa.; Mary E. Weakley, Mrs. Turner R. Weakley, Birmingham, Ala.; Hugh Brady Craig, L. A. Brady, Brookville, Pa.; Evan R. E. Craig, David Z. Craig, Dubois, Pa.; Mrs. J. Brady Cochran, William Y. Brady, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Jemina R. Mott, Cresson, Pa.; William R. Bridgens, Sunbury, Pa.; Hugh A. McCune, Mrs. James Clark, New Florence, Pa.; Mrs. D. J. Seiders, Uniontown, Pa.; Mary E. Morrow, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Jas. M. Herring, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Robert M. Stuart, Carlisle, Pa.; Mrs. George E. Whitney, Harrisburg, Pa.; Helen M. McCune, Samuel B. McCune, M. Augusta McCune, Jean Woods Beatty, H. B. Craig, Jr., H. B. Craig, Mrs. H. B. Craig, Elizabeth Craig, Harriet Anne Wylie, Samuel S. Wylie, Jas. H. Beatty, Nancy Martin, Mary O. Martin, Mrs. Emily Jamison, Mrs. G. W. Cope, Anna M. Quigley, W. C. Creamer, Mrs. W. C. Creamer, Rev. Lyons M. Brady, Mrs. Lyons M.

Brady, Miss Maud Brady, James Maclay, Mrs. James Maclay, Shippensburg, Pa.; Elizabeth C. Brady Brockunier, M. G. Brockunier, Wheeling, West Va.; J. Sharp Quigley, Mrs. Ella A. G. Quigley, Helen B. Quigley, Newburg, Pa.; Mrs. H. T. Jarrett, Mrs. J. W. Clark, W. F. Beck, Mrs. W. F. Beck, Ward E. Beck, Lock Haven, Pa.; Eva McCune Wylie, Mrs. Maggie McCune Rhodes, W. E. McCune, Maggie E. McCune, Winifred R. McCune, Margery A. McCune, Middle Spring, Pa.; Mrs. Willis Taylor, Miss Margaret Brady Smith, Miss Mildred Smith, Williamsport, Pa.; R. Gracey, Merced, California; Laura Gracey, Emma P. Gracey, Mrs. J. S. Gracey, Florence Sharpe, J. S. Gracey, Miss Ella Sharpe, Mrs. Belle McKinney Hays Swope, Newville, Pa.; Dr. Hugh Young Brady, Charles Brady, Mary Frances Brady, Ella B. Brady, Annie Rebecca Brady, Ohio Pyle, Penna.

The Reunion at Mt. Holly

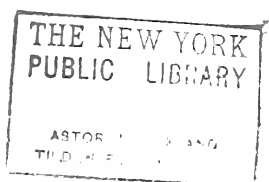
AUGUST 19, 1909

Thursday, August 19th, was a beautiful day, and many of the clan took advantage of it in the morning to visit places of interest in Carlisle, rich in historic tradition, and prettily decorated for their coming Old Home Week. The Indian School, Dickinson College, Cave Hill, and other places all claimed their share of attention, but toward noon each one took the electric cars to Mt. Holly, and after an excellent dinner served at the Mt. Holly Inn, made their way through the park to the dancing pavilion, which had very generously been placed at our disposal by the park authorities. Chairs were placed on the pavilion in a semicircular form in front of the orchestra platform, which was arranged for the occasion. While a few last arrangements were being made, one of our number, Mr. Ward E. Beck, of Lock Haven, Pa., entertained us with an excellent piano solo. Seated on the platform were William G. Murdock, of Milton, Pa., acting chairman, William Y. Brady, of Pittsburg, Pa., Rev. Lyons Mussina Brady, of Shippensburg, Pa., William P. Brady, of Davenport, Iowa, St. Clair Thompson, of Indiana, Pa., and Silas W. Brady, of Home, Pa. At 2:15 o'clock the chairman called the meeting to order.

*JAMES H. BRADY,
GOVERNOR OF IDAHO*



*JOHN L. BRADY,
STATE SENATOR FROM KANSAS*



MR. MURDOCK—

Friends and Members of the Brady Family:—

Owing to the absence of our chairman, Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, and of Mr. Preston Brady, of Detroit, a grandson of General Hugh Brady, whose ill health has made it impossible for him to be here, and of Mr. Charles N. Brady, of Washington, Pa., who was expected to preside in the absence of the other two, it seems to have fallen to me to act as chairman of this meeting. It is unnecessary for me to explain to any of you the object of our gathering here this afternoon. Two hundred years ago our common ancestor, Hugh Brady, was born, and the later years of his life, the years in which we are most interested and with which we are most familiar, were spent in the township of Hopewell, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of the place which many of us visited yesterday. In his lifetime Hugh Brady may not have been considered very different from many others of those early settlers whose true aim and strong arm and sharp axe changed this country from a wilderness to a land of sunshine and of plenty; men in those days all had to be brave men and true in order to provide for their families and protect them from wild beast and savage men, and yet there must have been something remarkable about this Hugh Brady and his wife. They raised a large family of boys and girls, gave them a good education for those early days, and these boys and girls grew to manhood and womanhood and played no inconsiderable part in the development and protection of the various communities in which they lived; and they in their turn sent their children and grandchildren out into the world, many of whom attained local, some state, and others even national influence and reputation. In different lines of business, and in all the professions, some of the descendants of Hugh Brady, inheriting some of his sterling qualities, have attained preeminence and success. And so today many of these descendants, coming from different counties of Pennsylvania, and from many states of the Union, have met here, not only for the purpose of meeting each other and becoming acquainted, and enjoying the social features of this reunion, and not only for the purpose of hearing something of the history of the family, but the main purpose and the leading motive of this reunion is to honor the memory of Hugh Brady and to show by our coming that we still love and remember him, and are grateful for the heritage,

that of honesty and bravery and patriotism, which he has left us. And no words, however well spoken, can be half so eloquent, or mean half so much, as the tribute each one of us has paid him by our coming here.

The following telegram has just been received by our Secretary from Governor Brady of Idaho, who is unable to be with us on account of the near date of "Idaho Day" at the Seattle Exposition, at which he and his staff are expected to be present.

Boise City, Idaho, Aug. 17, 1909

Mr. William Y. Brady, Secretary Brady Family Reunion

Mt. Holly Springs, via Carlisle, Penn'a.

I sincerely regret that official duties prevent my attending the Brady reunion at Mount Holly Springs on August nineteenth. This will be a memorable gathering and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be present with you. I am proud of the record of the Brady family and hope that conscientious effort and devoted attention to my official duties as Chief Executive of Idaho, the gem of the mountains, will contribute in a humble way a reasonable share of merit to the glorious record of the descendants of Hugh Brady.

JAMES H. BRADY

It is fitting and proper at this time that we should hear a few papers read, and a few speeches made upon the Brady family, so that our minds and memory may be refreshed as to a few of the achievements of some of the descendants of Hugh Brady. Mr. William P. Brady, of Davenport, Iowa, a son of Hon. Jasper Ewing Brady, and a grandson of John Brady, Jr., who as a lad of fifteen fought at his father's side at the battle of Brandywine, will read a paper on Captain John and General Hugh Brady, which has been prepared by Mrs. Belle McKinney Hays Swope, of Newville, who is an acknowledged authority upon this branch of the Brady family.

MR. BRADY—

Captain John Brady and General Hugh Brady

BY BELLE MCKINNEY HAYS SWOPE

John Brady, the second son of Hugh Brady and Hannah Brady, was born in 1733 near Newark, Delaware, where he received a good education and taught school. He came with his parents to Pennsylvania, and soon won the love of Mary Quigley. At twenty-two, the age of his marriage, he was six feet in height, well formed, with black hair, hazel eyes and a dark complexion.

Fearless, impulsive and generous, he was one whom friends loved and enemies hated. Soon after his marriage the breaking out of the French and Indian war caused him to enlist in the service and defend his country from the merciless invaders. On July 19, 1763, he was commissioned Captain, Second Battalion of the Pennsylvania Regiments, commanded by Governor John Penn and Lieutenant Colonels Asher Clayton and Tobias Frances. In 1764 he received his commission of Captain in the Second Pennsylvania Battalion, in Colonel Bouquet's expedition west of the Ohio, in which campaign he participated, and he took part in the land grant to the officers in that service during the year 1766. He was actively engaged against the Indians who made desperate slaughter in Bedford and Cumberland Counties, and killed many of the settlers. When his regiment reached Bedford, the officers drew a written agreement, wherein they asked the proprietaries for sufficient land on which to erect a compact and defensible town, and give each a commodious plantation on which to build a dwelling. Captain John Brady was one of the officers who signed this petition. In 1768, "urged by the restless, mysterious impulse that moulds the destiny of the pioneer of civilization," he removed his family to Standing Stone, now Huntingdon, Penn'a. The following year he again changed his location to a site opposite the present town of Lewisburg, Penn'a. At that period titles to uncultivated lands could be secured by erecting a house, and by cutting a few trees by way of improvement. In this manner he took up a vast tract of land on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and had he lived longer, he would have been one of the wealthiest men in the state. Owing to the carelessness of those connected with the management of his affairs, his family was deprived of much benefit from his exertions.

In 1776 he took his wife and children and belongings to Muncy manor, where he built a semi-fortified log house, known later as "Brady's Fort." It was a private affair and was not classed among the provincial fortifications. The spot on which it stood is in the borough of Muncy and a slight elevation in a field is pointed to as the exact plot of ground. After Northumberland county was formed, Captain John Brady was appointed foreman of the first grand jury, and served in many such capacities afterwards.

Not slow to respond to the call to arms in defense of home

and the independence of the nation, he marched to the front in some of the bloodiest engagements of the War of the Revolution. He fought with Washington at Brandywine, where his two sons, Samuel and John were with him, and he was wounded in the mouth. The loss of some teeth was the result, but he was disabled by an attack of pleurisy and sent home.

In 1775 Colonel Plunkett made his famous expedition to the Wyoming valley, and John Brady was one of his ablest assistants. The Connecticut settlers claimed under their charter the territory of the province of Pennsylvania as far south as the 41st degree of latitude, which ran a mile north of Lewisburg, and determined to enforce their rights. In 1772 a party of them reached the present town of Milton, but were driven back by Colonel Plunkett. The settlers were not subdued and the contest was waged many years. They advanced to the Muncy valley and made a settlement where the town was later located. In order to punish the intruders for their presumption in occupying this part of the West Branch region, blood was shed and lives were lost.

John Brady was a surveyor of land in Cumberland, Buffalo and White Deer valleys, and in the possession of his descendant Mrs. Charles Gustav Ernst, nee Mollie Brady Cooper, of Punxsutawney, Penn'a, is a surveyor's guide book, entitled "Tables of Difference of Latitude and Departure," for navigators, land surveyors, etc., "compiled at the instance of a committee of the Dublin Society, by John Hood, Land Surveyor. Published in Dublin in 1772." She has also an account book which has on the inside of the leather cover the words printed in ink, "John Brady, his book, Cumberland County, 1765."

On March 3, 1776, he was commissioned Major of the battalion commanded by Colonel Plunkett, and on October 14, 1776, Captain in the Twelfth regiment of the Pennsylvania line, commanded by Colonel William Cooke, whose two daughters became wives of two of Captain John Brady's sons. In 1778, on the invasion of the Wyoming valley, he went with his family to Sunbury, and September 1, 1778, returned to the army. In the Spring of 1779 he received orders to join Colonel Hartley on the West Branch, and on the 11th of April, 1779, was killed by a concealed body of Indians. He had taken an active part in efforts to subdue their atrocities, and his daring and repeated endeavors intensified their hatred and desire to capture him, resulting so fatally

Give Provisions for 24 men that does duty in
this town & has chosen me for their Comma-
nder

J. B. Brady

Sunbury 9th July 1779

to the Company Present

Drawn for the 11th 5 12 July 1779

By me

on that spring-time morning. With a guard and wagon he went up the river to Wallis' to procure supplies. His family was living at the "Fort" at Muncy during the winter and early spring, and from his home to the provision house was only a few hours' ride. On their return trip, about three miles from Fort Brady, at Wolf Run, they stopped to wait for the wagon, which was coming another way. Peter Smith, whose family was massacred on the 10th of June, and on whose farm young James Brady was mortally wounded, was by his side. Captain John Brady said: "This would be a good place for Indians to hide." Smith replied in the affirmative, when the report of three rifles was heard, and the Captain fell without uttering a sound. He was shot with two balls between the shoulders. Smith mounted the horse of his commander and escaped to the woods unharmed, and on to the settlement. It was not known what Indians did the shooting, but proof was evident that a party had followed him with intent to kill. In their haste, they did not scalp him, nor take his money, a gold watch, and his commission, which he wore in a bag suspended from his neck, his dearest earthly possession. Thus perished one of the most skilled and daring Indian fighters, as well as one of the most esteemed and respected of men, on whose sterling qualities and sound judgment the pioneers of the entire settlement depended.

Carried to his home at Fort Brady, which he built, and is now within the borough limits of Muncy, his heroic little wife looked the second time upon the blood stained form of one of her family, her son James having met the same fate on the 8th of August of the preceding year.

Laid to rest on the hillside, where few interments had been made, his grave was well nigh forgotten, and weeds and briars hid the lonely mound of earth, until the spot was identified through the efforts of a grand-daughter of Captain John Brady, Mrs. Backus, wife of General Electus Backus, U. S. A. Prior to 1830 at Halls, a heavy granite marker was erected bearing the inscription

Captain John Brady
Fell in defense of our forefathers
at Wolf Run, April 11, 1779
Aged 46 years

An old comrade who was present at his burial pointed to the site and requested that he be laid by his side. His request was

granted, and near by Captain John Brady's grave is that of his friend Henry Lebo. The Lycoming Chapter D. A. R. recently honored his memory by placing an appropriate marker between his grave and that of his faithful comrade.

A hundred years after his death, through a dollar subscription fund, raised by Mr. J. M. M. Gerner, a monument was placed in the cemetery at Muncy, and unveiled October 15th, 1879. The date 1779 is on the front of the shaft, the name "John Brady" in the die, and the date of erection 1879 in the sub-base. The cost was \$1600.00, and that of the slab in the burial lot at Halls \$70.00, the latter also due to the untiring energy of Mr. Gerner, by an autograph subscription at twenty-five cents a signature. In closing his oration at the unveiling of the monument, Hon. John Blair Linn, of Bellefonte, Penn'a, said: "To Captain Brady's descendants, time fails me in paying a proper tribute. When border tales have lost their charm for the evening hour; when oblivion blots from the historic page the glorious record of Pennsylvania in the Revolution of 1776, then and then only will Captain Samuel Brady of the Rangers be forgotten. In private life, in public office, at the bar, in the Senate of Pennsylvania, in the House of Representatives of the United States, in the ranks of battle, Captain John Brady's sons and grandsons and great-grandsons have flung far forward into the future the light of their family fame."

Captain John Brady was foremost in all expeditions that went out from the West Branch settlement, and his untimely death was a sore affliction. When the inmates of the fort heard the report of the rifles that ended his life, they, with his wife, ran to ask Smith, who was with him, where he was, and his reply, "In heaven or hell or on his way to Tioga," showed his rapid flight, for he did not wait to see whether Captain Brady was killed or taken prisoner. His was a remarkable career, and death claiming him in the prime of manhood, robbed the earth of one of her strongest sons, and the nation of one of her most loyal subjects, but in the lives and life work of his children, was continued and completed the blessings and benefits to mankind commenced so unselfishly by him.

And now came the test of character which proved Mary Quigley Brady a true woman, a consecrated mother, and one of the bravest heroines of history. At the age of twenty the little

Scotch-Irish maiden, with large bright blue eyes, linked her fortune with that of John Brady, big, broad-shouldered and handsome, coming scarcely above his heart in height, yet as fearless and noble as he. It was considered a good match. The Quigley and Brady families were of the same faith, the same social standing, and each in comfortable circumstances. Until 1768 she either lived with her father or near him, and enjoyed the privileges of her girlhood home as in days gone by. With true wifely devotion she followed her husband's restless footsteps to the West Branch valley, and on the tract of land which was given him for provincial services, she began her work of training her sons and daughters for the duties of life, and nobly she fulfilled her mission.

Churches there were none, hence the instruction given was largely due to her zeal, while the father cultivated the soil and protected the little home won by his military daring. Later, on their productive land near Muncy, she encouraged her sons in the tilling of the soil, but their souls longed for broader fields of activity and usefulness, and the battle cry rather than the reaper's song brought a responsive echo. "Her sons, beside their fine mental endowments, were perfect specimens of humanity, and the average height of the six boys when grown to manhood was six feet."

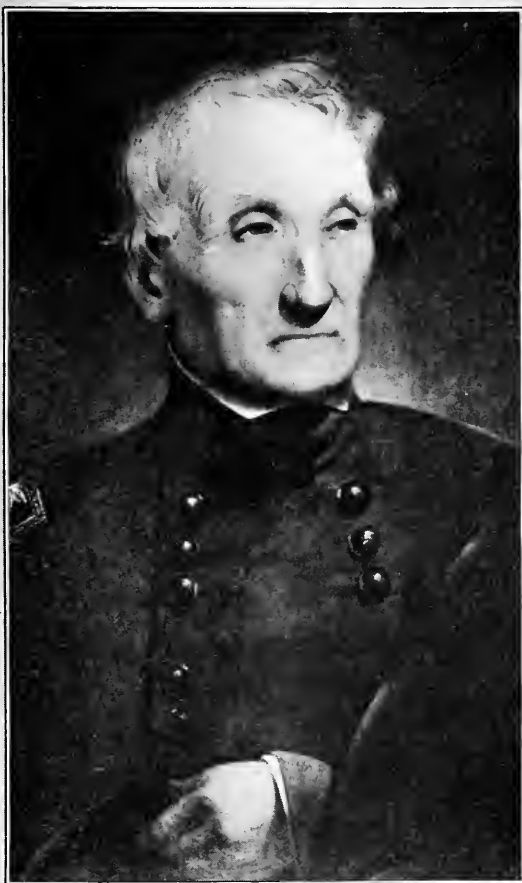
When Captain John Brady joined Washington's army, he took with him his sons, Samuel and James, the first winning an officer's commission soon after he was twenty years of age, and James becoming a sergeant before he reached the age of eighteen.

Day after day during those perilous times, Mary Quigley Brady kept her younger sons employed on the farm, ever on the alert against the surprise of the Indians. Her position being wearing and dangerous, her husband was given leave of absence while the army was in winter quarters at Valley Forge. In 1778 her son James was mortally wounded by Indians, dying four days after Liberty, her youngest and thirteenth child, was born. As independence had just been declared, she called her Liberty, and was very anxious lest the minister who christened the child would not know whether, from the name, it was a boy or girl. He baptized it Liberty Brady, and happily applied the feminine gender in his prayer for its welfare, and relieved the mother's anxiety. As there were thirteen states, and this the thirteenth

child, the name was fitting and well chosen, and has descended to each successive generation of the Brady family. After the death of her husband in 1779, with her cup of sorrow filled to the brim, turning from his new made grave, beside which slumbered four children, she fled with her nine remaining sons and daughters to the home of her parents in the Cumberland valley, along the Conodoguinet Creek. She spent the months from May until October with her father and mother, returning to the Buffalo valley with her family, and settled on the original tract of land presented to her husband by the government. Many men would shrink from such a perilous undertaking in those days of bloodshed, knowing not in what bushes might be hiding an Indian who hungered for a scalp to add to his trophies; but her duty to her children led her through all the dangers, and her cheerful courage never flinched, and with her manly sons and helpful daughters she took up the burden of life again in her own home.

When she started from her father's house, her brother, Robert Quigley, gave her a cow, which she led over the hills to the Buffalo valley, carrying Liberty, who was fourteen months old, before her on horseback. Her indomitable perseverance enabled her to reach her destination in safety, but the difficulties and exposure of the journey were great, and although a vigorous, healthy woman of forty-four, her constitution weakened, and coming to the scene of her heart's deepest sorrow, there was opened for her a trying winter. The season of 1779-1780 was severe, the depths of snow so impassable that intercourse with even their few scattered neighbors was hindered, and some of these were massacred by the Indians in the early springtime.

Many a day her son Hugh walked by the side of his brother John, carrying a rifle in one hand and a forked stick to clear the plow shear in the other, while John plowed. The mother frequently went with them to prepare their meals; in constant peril, but in this as in all the joys and adversities of life, an angel of mercy to them, her death on the 20th of October, 1783, was a personal and grievous loss to each of her children. To them, since the death of her husband, she had given her undivided attention and affection, and for them she had unselfishly labored. She was rewarded for her care, as shown by a remark made by her distinguished son, General Hugh Brady, "My brothers lived to be men in every sense of the word, at a period



GENERAL HUGH BRADY

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

when the qualities of men were put to the most severe tests." She was proud of her children, and modest in receiving praises for her share in their training, but her satisfaction in seeing them leaders in warfare, at the time America's most eventful history was enacted, more than repaid her. They were not only skilled in military tactics, but their alertness and ingenuity in planning attack made their names and deeds linger in every heart and on every tongue.

Mary Quigley Brady died at the age of forty-eight years, after a lingering illness due to exposure, and is buried at Lewisburg. Two sons rose to prominence in the struggle of our country. From the pen of a gifted writer, we to-day hear of the life and thrilling experiences of Captain Samuel Brady, while to me is given the privilege of paying tribute to the memory of General Hugh Brady. He was born at Standing Stone, Penn'a, July 27th, 1768.

On March 7, 1792, he was appointed ensign in a rifle company commanded by Captain John Crawford. William Clarke, of Kentucky, was first lieutenant. He was on the recruiting service, and received only three dollars a month. Poor pay and inferior clothing induced him to join the headquarters of the army at Legionville, twenty miles from Pittsburg. On Christmas day, 1792, he performed his first military duty.

In speaking of the privations of army life, he said, "During the winter of 1794-95 we lived poorly. Our beef came to us on the hoof, and we had little or nothing to fatten them with. Having no salt to cure, it was slaughtered, and hung up under a shed, where, by exposure, it became perfectly weather-beaten, and as tough as an old hide. Of course it made a miserable soup. At the same time our men received only half rations of flour, and were working like beavers to complete our quarters. Thus we lived until February, when a brigade of pack horses arrived loaded with salt and flour, and with them came a drove of hogs. From this time forward we considered ourselves living on the fat of the land. An early spring followed, and with it came ducks, geese and trout to improve our living. The Indians soon after came in with flags to sue for peace. The treaty was opened at Greenville on the 4th of July, 1795, on which day I arrived at that place. I had been ordered there as a witness in the case of Captain Preston, who was tried for disobeying orders."

He remained with the army at Fort Wayne for some months, and while there received letters from his brothers, urging him to come home, as he had not seen them for ten years. He was anxious to visit the haunts of his boyhood, and his family had grown from children into men and women, and longed to see their distinguished brother. He resigned his commission, and on November 20, 1795, left Fort Wayne, and spent the winter following in Lexington, Ky. In March, 1796, he rode to Marysville, thence by quartermaster's boat to Wheeling, Va. The journey was three weeks in length. He went to the home of his brother, Captain Samuel Brady, whose death had occurred on the preceding Christmas. On the 20th of July he reached the scenes of his youth, and went first to see his sister Mary, Mrs. William Gray, at Sunbury, Pa. Ten years had changed him from a boy of seventeen to a man of twenty-seven, and when he inquired of his sister if her husband was in, she replied, "I presume you will find him at the store," and returned to the parlor. He was leaving the house, when he heard steps behind him, and found his sister Hannah rushing into his arms, exclaiming, "My brother Hugh." She had seen him last when she was only eight years old, but knew him from his resemblance to his twin sister, Jane. Some months he passed in Sunbury and vicinity, when in the winter of 1798-99 he was appointed captain in Adams' army, which in less than two years was disbanded.

His brother William owned a tract of wild land on the Mahoning river, about fifty miles from Pittsburg, and urged his aid in improving his uncultivated acres. In the spring of 1802 they settled on the waste, and that summer built a grist and saw mill. Their breadstuffs had to be carried thirty miles on horseback, and their meat killed with their rifles. Life was a perplexing problem.

In 1805 he married Sarah Wallis, of Lycoming Co., Penn'a, and took his wife to their home at the settlement, where Sarah and Preston were born. In 1810 he removed to Northumberland, and in 1812 was again called into service, and was in the employ of the government until his death. His military record was brilliant. He entered the U. S. army, March 7, 1792, as ensign; was with General Wayne on his western expedition after the defeat of St. Clair; commissioned lieutenant February 10, 1794, and captain January 8, 1799. After an absence of a few years from

the service, he was restored to it by President Jefferson in 1808. He was commissioned Colonel of the 22d Foot, June 6, 1812, and commanded his troops at the battle of Chippewa. He displayed great courage, and General Scott says in his report: "Old Brady showed himself in a sheet of fire." Equal bravery he displayed at the battle of Niagara Falls, where he received a wound. On the reduction of the army, he was retained in service as colonel of the 22d Foot. After 1835 he was in command of the department, of which Detroit, Mich., was the headquarters. While at that place he contributed to the pacification of the frontier troubles at the time of the Canadian dangers. By the army he was considered one of its fathers. He received two brevets; as brigadier general July 6, 1822, and as major general, for faithful service, May 30, 1848.

At the battle of Chippewa he was "wounded in the groin, by a ball striking his sword scabbard, which disabled him." That sword was on the buffet in his reception room for years, and beside it another sword, with scabbard of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, diamonds and pearls, presented him by the state of Pennsylvania in 1840, in token of his gallant service to his country.

Like his brothers, he was tall, almost six feet in height, erect, handsome and distinguished looking, with keenly beautiful, penetrating eyes that flashed fire. He was genial and hospitable, his dining table often surrounded by men such as the Rev. George Duffield, D.D., Judge McLean, Millard Fillmore and Scott, Worth and Macomb of the army. His military tactics were perfect, his services beyond recompense. His unbounded generosity and thoughtful solicitude for those beneath him in rank made him one of the most popular men of his day.

His tender care for his mother was beautiful, and his admiration for his brothers and sisters, and his pleasure in their successful achievements, made him beloved by his family circle. General Hugh Brady was an illustrious man, of forcible character. General Scott said of him, "God never made a better man or better soldier." He was a devout Christian, an honorable patriot. He was devoted to his military career until his death, which took place April 15th, 1851. He was driving a pair of spirited horses that became entangled in wires that were dropped for repairs from a telegraph pole. They ran away with him, fatally injuring him, as they threw him from his carriage. His pastor, Dr. Duffield,

was with him during his last hours, and said to him; "General, you are very ill; my friend, very ill." The general opened his eyes, and pressing Dr. Duffield's hand, replied, "Yes, yes sir, I know it. I know it." "But, general, you are badly hurt and very ill." "Oh yes," he faintly replied, "yes, I know it." A pressure, a silence, a few sobs, when Dr. Duffield said, "But General, you are very ill. I am sorry to tell you, you are just about to die." Instantly raising himself, straight as in health, his eyes flashed under his bandaged forehead, and he firmly uttered the words, "Let the drum beat, my knapsack is slung, I am ready to die." Thus parted two old friends, belonging to two of the oldest Scotch-Irish families in the Cumberland valley, Presbyterian in all their branches, the one a leading divine of the northwestern frontier of our country, the other the commander of the Northwestern Military Department of the United States, distinguished and honored. In an account of his life, General Hugh Brady says, "But what a wonderful generation this has been, the most wonderful since the days of our Saviour." This descendant of the early pioneer settler, this lion-hearted officer of the War of 1812, was as fine a gentleman as a soldier, and well deserved the lines written after his death:

"And manly eyes may weep to-day,
 "As sinks the patriot to his rest,
 "The nation held no truer heart,
 "Than that which beat in Brady's breast."

His wife died eighteen years before him. She was a clever, aristocratic woman, and modestly shared the honors bestowed upon her celebrated husband, who was until her death her devoted lover. They are buried in Elmwood Cemetery, at Detroit, Mich.

Address of Mr. St. Clair Thompson on the Military History of the Families of Samuel and James Brady, Sons of Hugh Brady of Cum- berland County, Penn'a

The life and history of Samuel and James Brady are very closely connected. They came to Indiana county at the same time in 1804; they settled in the same neighborhood in Mahoning township, which is that part of Indiana county taken from Lycoming county north of Penns Purchase Line. Previous to

this they had lived in Wheatfield township. Samuel Brady had served his country in the Indian wars before the Revolution, was in active service all through the Revolution, and for many years afterward acted as a scout along the frontier of western Pennsylvania. His brother James Brady served in the Indian wars prior to 1790 as Captain, and afterward drew a pension for his services.

Samuel and James Brady each had a son John, each of whom served in the War of 1812. Both fought at Queenstown Heights, Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, and the records show that they each afterward drew pensions until the time of their death. James Brady's son Joe was also in the War of 1812, and these five soldiers are all buried in old Gilgal Cemetery. They all lived to a good old age; Samuel died in 1811, James in 1818; Lieutenant John Brady, son of James, in 1850; John, son of Samuel, in 1855, and Joseph in 1861.

The Bradys all had large families, and furnished more soldiers for the Civil and Spanish American Wars than any other family in Indiana county. I knew most of them personally, was born in the same township in which they lived, went to the same school and the same church, enlisted with them, marched and fought with them, and was commanded by them, so that I knew them well. My wife was a Brady; my cousins enlisted with them, marched and fought by their side, and died with them, and they were buried in the same grave after the battle of the Wilderness, and afterward moved to Fredericksburg, where they now lie. Last November I hunted for their graves on Maryes Heights and found them buried near each other, Lemuel and Isaac Brady, Robert Work and my cousin H. V. Stewart. They had charged over this same ground together in 1863.

The first company to leave the northern part of Indiana county for the front during the Civil War was commanded by Jacob Creps, and was known as Co. A, 61st Penn'a Volunteers. In that Company there were eight descendants of Hugh Brady, the 200th anniversary of whose birth we are celebrating to-day. It will be forty-eight years next Saturday, August 21st, that these brave boys left home, many of them never to return. Of these eight men four were great grandsons of Samuel Brady, namely, Lemuel Brady, Isaac V. Brady, Robert N. Work and J. Scott Justice, and four were descendants of James Brady,

namely First Lieutenant G. W. Brady, Hugh Brady, James M. Chambers and Zach T. Chambers. In the battle of Fair Oaks on May 31st, 1862, they received their first baptism of fire and first real taste of the horrors of war, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away four of these eight descendants of Hugh Brady lay wounded upon the field, Lemuel, Isaac, Lieut. G. W., and Hugh Brady, the last wounded in three places. Lieut. G. W. Brady was forced to resign on account of his wounds; Hugh Brady was discharged, and later served in the 57th Penna. Vol. and was Sergeant Major of the 206th Regiment. Lemuel Brady was promoted to corporal and was wounded again at Fredericksburg; on May 3, 1863, he was promoted to sergeant, and was killed at Spottsylvania on May 8, 1864. Isaac V. Brady, wounded at Fair Oaks, was killed at the battle of the Wilderness on May 6, 1864, and on the same day, in the same battle, and near the same place, Robert N. Work was killed. They were buried in the same grave with H. V. Stewart and Lieutenant Frank M. Brown, a cousin of the Bradys by marriage. J. Scott Justice was wounded on May 8, 1864, losing part of his hand, and was discharged, leaving in the company to the close of the war sergeant James M. Chambers and Zach T. Chambers, six of the eight members of the Brady family in that company having been killed or wounded.

When the call was made for volunteers for the Spanish American War one company went from Indiana county and in it were four descendants of Samuel and James Brady, while three others went from other states. J. Brady Kinter was in an Indiana battery as a veterinary surgeon, Charles Prothero was in the 15th Minnesota, James Wood was in the navy, serving on the battleship Indiana at the battle of Santiago.

It is impossible for me to follow in detail the service of all of the descendants of Samuel and James Brady in the Civil and Spanish American Wars, so I will give you their names and the companies in which they served.

Descendants of Samuel Brady, son of Hugh Brady, who served
in the Civil War

Sergeant Lemuel Brady, Isaac V. Brady, Sergeant Eli W. Brady and J. Scott Justice, Co. A, 61st Penna.; Robert N. Work,

Co. A, 61st Penna. and 135th Penna.; Silas Brady and Harvey Wood, Co. A, Second Battalion; James I. Work, John A. Work, Co. D, 135th Penna.; James B. Work, Co. F, 55th Penna.; Bennet Van Horn, Co. B, 67th Penna.; Lieutenant Daniel H. Brewer, 105th Penna.; Lieutenant Samuel W. Brewer, Co. C, 206th Penna. and 105th Penna.; David H. Brady, Co. F., 74th Penna.

Descendants of James Brady, son of Hugh Brady, who served in the Civil War

Lieutenant G. W. Brady, Sergeant J. M. Chambers, Sergeant Z. T. Chambers, Co. A, 61st Penna.; Sergeant Major Hugh Brady, 206th Penna. and Co. A, 61st Penna.; Thomas D. Brady, Co. F, 206th Penna.; Sergeant Austin McCall, Andrew McCall, Henry L. Kinter, Co. F, 74th Penna.; W. H. McGaughey, Co. D, 135th Penna.; Albert H. Shields, Co. B, 11th Reserves; James W. Elder, Co. I, 135th Penna.; Hugh Kinter, Lieutenant J. T. Kinter, Co. B, 67th Penna.; Wilson Kinter, Co. K, 53rd Penna.; William W. Elder.

Descendants of Samuel and James Brady in the Spanish American War

Corporal Benton R. Thompson, Waller H. Ayers, Charles A. Brady and Myrl W. Brady, Co. F, 5th Reg. P. V.; J. B. Kinter, in an Indiana battery; Charles Prothero, 15th Minnesota; James Wood, Battleship Indiana.

The following article on the Indiana County Bradys was prepared
by Mrs. St. Clair Thompson

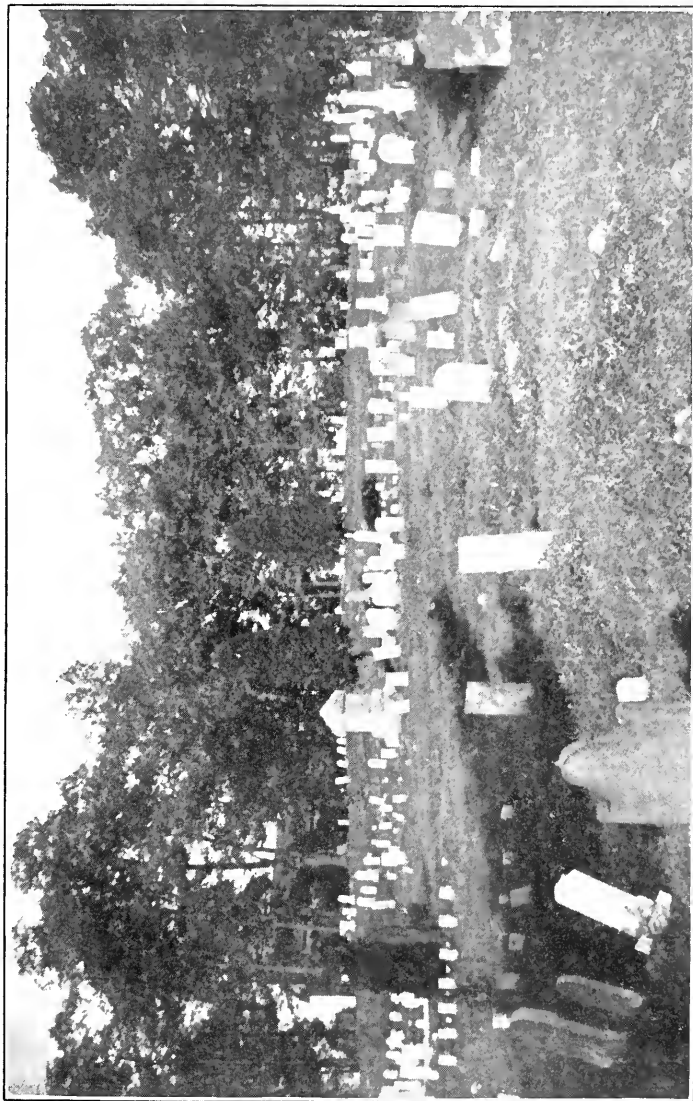
We have heard much of the Bradys in the various wars, yet they loved peace, and during a period of comparative peace some of them emigrated to the County of Indiana, to what is now Wheatfield Township, in the year 1790, and remained in that locality until 1804. An old citizen in 1880 told the historian of the county that the Bradys were among the first settlers in that section, and that in the family there were Hughs, Sams, Joes and Jims. William P. Brady purchased hundreds of acres of land in

Indiana county, and erected a small grist mill on the Little Mahoning Creek, and afterwards replaced it with a modern mill. This old citizen also said that the Bradys and a few others became disgusted at the scarcity of bears, wolves and panthers, as well as Indians, and went and settled in Mahoning township, where they suffered all the privations and hardships of the early pioneers of that day, wearing homespun clothing, and having to go as far as forty miles for many of their necessities.

The first church organized in this community was in 1806. It was the Gilgal Presbyterian Church and was built on ground donated by William P. Brady. The church stands on an elevation, and is surrounded by a beautiful grove, and nearby is a fine spring of pure water. In the church cemetery lie several generations of Bradys. Robert Brady was one of the three who composed the building committee of the church, and he was one of its first trustees. Three years ago the centennial of this church was celebrated, and the principal speaker paid a high tribute to the sterling qualities of the pioneers of that early day, and to their Christian characters. Among these early settlers we find the Brewers, Bradys, Hamiltons, Justices, Lemons, McCalls, Parks, Thompsons, Works, Wyncoops, Woods and others connected by blood or marriage with the Bradys. In later years some of the Bradys left the Gilgal church and helped to organize what is now the United Presbyterian Church of Smyrna.

The first school house established in Mahoning township was built by three families, the Van Horns, Bradys and Works, and was near the home of James Brady, Sr. It was built of logs, was sixteen feet square, and had oiled paper for windows. Education in those early days was certainly obtained under the greatest disadvantages, yet I have never heard of a member of the family who was illiterate.

In politics the Bradys as a rule were independent, espousing whatever cause they considered to be right. They were not office-seekers themselves but used every effort to elect others whom they thought worthy. In 1809 we find an election proclamation calling on the freemen of Mahoning township to meet at the house of James Brady, Sr. On many road views we find the names of James Brady and William P. Brady. The grist mill built by William P. Brady was the first mill built north of the Purchase Line. It is interesting to note that in 1809 Hugh Brady (afterward



OLD GILGAL CHURCH AND CEMETERY

General) was a candidate for Sheriff. In this year there were eight Bradys on the list of taxables.

About 1859 Brady Post Office was established at Marion, but the name has since been changed to Marion Centre.

James Y. Brady, a son of James Brady, Sr., served forty-three years as a Justice of the Peace, during which time he settled a great many estates and made many legal conveyances.



Captain Samuel Brady, Chief of the Rangers

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

As a typical pioneer and Indian fighter I have chosen to include in this series some account of a few of the exploits and adventures of Captain Samuel Brady, whose name for cool daring, unremitting vigilance, unsparing energy, fertility of resource and successful enterprise, was a household word in western Pennsylvania during the beginnings of the nation.

Few families among our early settlers contributed more generously and freely of their best to the service of their country than that from which Brady sprang. His father, Captain John Brady, son of Hugh, the Praepositus of the family in America, who was descended from that famous Irish family of which the noted versifier of the Psalms was a member—like Washington and George Rogers Clark, was a surveyor.

He was commissioned captain in the 2nd Pennsylvania Battalion in 1764 in Bouquet's expedition. He was a noted frontiersman prior to the Revolution, and when that war broke out was appointed a captain in the 12th Pennsylvania Continental Line. At the Battle of the Brandywine his regiment was cut to pieces in the desperate fighting near the Birmingham Meeting House. He was badly wounded and his son John, a lad of fifteen, who had come like David of old with supplies for the camp, and had remained for the battle, was also wounded, and only saved from capture by the act of his colonel in throwing the boy upon a horse when the troops retreated. So fierce was the fighting that every officer in Captain Brady's company was killed or wounded, together with most of his men.

In 1778 Captain Brady was ordered to Fort Pitt and attached to the regiment of Colonel Brodhead, who was charged by Washington personally with the duty of protecting the western Pennsylvania frontier from the incursions of the savages. It is estimated that there were at one time or another more than twelve thousand Indians in arms in the pay of the British. Campbell states that four hundred Seneca warriors in three years on the border took more than one thousand scalps, two hundred and ninety-nine of them having belonged to women and twenty-nine to children! They were sent by the Indians to the Governor of Canada, to be by him sent as a present to the King of England.

As most of the able-bodied men west of the mountains had enlisted in the Continental Line, the valleys were without protection until Washington sent Brodhead thither. One of the frontier posts by which it was hoped to protect the country was located near Muncy and called Fort Brady, in honor of its commander.

James Brady, Captain John's second son, who was himself a militia captain, was killed near there by the Indians. A small party of men were reaping in one of the fields a short distance from Loyalsock, in the fall of 1778. Captain James Brady was in command of them. Four men watched while the others worked. A large party of Indians stole upon them unperceived and opened fire, whereupon the most of them fled. Captain Brady ran for his gun. According to one account, he secured it, shot one of the Indians dead, seized another gun, was shot himself, then stabbed by a spear, tomahawked and scalped. He had long red hair. It is related that one of his frontier friends a week before his death, watching him dress and plait it in the queue, which was the fashion of the day, remarked to him: "Jim, the Indians will get that red scalp of yours yet."

The young captain, who was only twenty at the time, laughingly replied that if they did they would have something to lighten their darkness for them! The red hair was characteristic of the family and has persisted in many members to the present day. Young Brady survived his frightful wound for five days and died at Sunbury in the arms of his mother, an heroic pioneer woman.

A year after this, Captain John was shot and instantly killed by Indians, who fled from the scene of the murder with such precipitation that they did not scalp him, and his body, with his watch, seals and weapons, was recovered intact. His son, Hugh,

too young to fight in the Revolution, rose to be a Major General in the United States Army. As commander of the 22nd Infantry, he was shot through the body in the first charge at Lundy's Lane. A letter from Hugh's nephew, Captain John's grandson, who was an officer in his uncle's regiment, tells how the general fell and fainted from loss of blood but was lifted to his horse and continued in command until nearly the close of the action. He had two horses killed under him in this battle and only gave up the command when he was unable to sit or stand from loss of blood. Another of Captain John's grandsons, William, volunteered for service in Perry's squadron and fought in the Battle of Lake Erie.

There were thirteen children born to this old pioneer Captain, of whom five were girls. Two boys died in infancy and another just before the War of 1812. The other five fought in every war which took place while they were alive.

The most distinguished of them all, however, unless it be General Hugh, was the oldest, Captain Samuel Brady, Chief of the Rangers. On August 3rd, 1775, he enlisted, being then only nineteen years of age, as a private soldier, and was ordered to Massachusetts. He participated in the operations around Boston, and in the Battle of Long Island, where he so distinguished himself for bravery that he was promoted to a lieutenancy, skipping the grade of ensign. He fought at White Plains and was one of that ragged starved little band of men who clung to Washington and with which he made that desperate strike back at Trenton and Princeton in the darkest hour of the Revolution. As one of Hand's riflemen at Princeton, he barely escaped capture on account of his impetuous gallantry.

He was brevetted a captain for gallant service at the Brandywine and Germantown. At the massacre of Paoli, he was surrounded, pursued and narrowly escaped with his life. So close were the British to him that as he leaped a fence they pinned him to it, thrusting bayonets through his blanket coat. He tore himself away, shot dead a cavalryman who had overtaken him and ordered him to surrender, found safety in a swamp, where he gathered up some fifty-five men who had escaped and led them safely to the army in the morning.

He was afterward ordered to western Pennsylvania with his regiment, in which he appears at first as a captain-lieutenant. He was borne on the rolls successively of the Third, Sixth and

Eighth Pennsylvania Line until the termination of the Revolution.

It was his services as a borderer, however, that especially entitled him to attention. What Boone was to Kentucky and Kenton to Ohio, that Sam Brady was to western Pennsylvania. His services were so great that Colonel Brodhead successfully urged his promotion to a full captaincy and commended him specifically in a personal letter to General Washington. Indeed, on more than one occasion, he was selected by Washington, through Colonel Brodhead, for certain specific and important duties; and there is a letter of Colonel Brodhead's extant, which is published in the Pennsylvania archives, in which the colonel states that he has just received a special letter of commendation for Captain Brady from the great Commander-in-chief himself. Although he was only twenty-seven years old when the war closed he was by universal consent regarded as the chief ranger, hunter, scout and frontiersman on the Pennsylvania border.

The Allegheny and Ohio rivers constituted the western and northern boundaries of the colonies. George Rogers Clark, Boone and others ranged over the northern Kentucky line to protect the settlements, Poe and Wetzel around Wheeling, and Brady and his men from Fort Pitt to Lake Erie. His services were well-nigh continuous. He was always in the woods.

No enterprise was too dangerous for him to undertake. No danger was so great as to deter him. He was constantly employed until the war was over, and when General Wayne mustered an army to avenge St. Clair's defeat and crush the Indians, Brady was given command of all his scouts, rangers and pioneers.

Captain Brady died on Christmas Day, 1795, leaving a name which is still remembered in western Pennsylvania, and which has been much referred to by those who have written the annals of the west. Indeed the old settlers in their letters, reminiscences, and early records, do not hesitate to compare him—and not to his disadvantage—to the great Daniel Boone himself.

Partly from these records and partly from family traditions and old letters, some of his exploits have been preserved. I shall not attempt to give them in chronological order. Indeed it is impossible to date some of them. Like every other famous borderer he has been made the subject of myth and legend, and heroic tale has grown about him, but there is good authority for the adventures here set down.

On one occasion he was ordered by Colonel Brodhead upon a scouting expedition. He took with him two tried comrades named Biggs and Bevington. Ranging northward from Fort Pitt, at a place above the mouth of the Beaver, near the present village of Fallston, where there was a clearing, they came upon the ruins of the cabin of a settler named Gray. The Indians had just visited the cabin, the walls and chimney of which were still blazing from the torch which they had applied.

There was not a living person to be seen. They were carefully reconnoitring the place when the keen ears of the captain detected the sound of a horse approaching. Fearful lest the Indians who had committed the depredations might not have departed, Brady and his men scattered and concealed themselves. The horseman proved to be Gray, the master of the cabin, who had been away some distance on that morning.

Brady and his companions, as was the usual custom on such expeditions, were dressed to resemble Indians and had painted their faces to further disguise themselves. The captain knew if he showed himself to Gray in that guise the settler would probably shoot him before he could explain, so he waited concealed until Gray passed him, leaped upon the horse, seized the settler in his arms and whispered: "Don't struggle. I'm Sam Brady."

When the man became quiet he told him of the catastrophe at his cabin. Summoning Bevington and Biggs the whole party cautiously made their way to the ruined home. Gray's state of mind may well be imagined, for he had left in the cabin that morning his wife, her sister and five children. A careful search of the ruins satisfied them that there were no charred remains among the ashes. They were confident, therefore, that the Indians had taken the women and children away with them.

The experienced woodsmen soon picked up the trail, which they cautiously but rapidly followed. The Indians, who seemed to be in some force, made not the slightest effort at concealment. Brady's men had wanted to return to Fort McIntosh and get assistance before they pursued. The captain of the rangers pointed out that to do that would cause them to lose so much time that they could not hope to overtake the Indians, so the four men resolved to press on and do the best they could. They swore to follow Brady's leadership and he promised not to desert Gray, who would have gone on alone if the others had failed him.

Brady's knowledge of the country enabled him to foresee the path the Indians would probably take, and by making short cuts, toward evening the party caught a glimpse of the Indians they were pursuing, trailing over a mountain a mile away. They counted thirteen Indians, eight of them on horseback, together with the two women and five children. Bringing his woodcraft again into play, Brady concluded that the Indians would stop for the night in a deeply secluded dell in a ravine in the mountains where there was a famous spring. The configuration of the ground made it possible to light a fire there without betraying the whereabouts of the fire-builders to the surrounding country.

He therefore led his party up a little creek, which thereafter was known as Brady's Run, until about seven o'clock they reached a spur of the mountain from which they could look down upon the spring. Sure enough, there were the Indians. There, too, were the weary, dejected women, and the children too exhausted and too frightened to cry. Utterly unsuspecting of observation the savages made camp, built a fire and prepared their evening meal.

For three mortal hours the four woodsmen lay concealed, watching the camp. Finally the Indians disposed themselves in a semicircle, surrounding the women and children, with the fire in the center. The muskets, rifles and tomahawks were piled at the foot of a tree some fifteen feet from the right point of the circle. One by one the Indians sank into slumber, as did the poor dejected prisoners.

Brady had long since made his plans. There was only one way to kill those Indians, and that was without waking them. If they had fired on them they might have killed four, yet the odds would have been still more than two to one, besides which the rangers could hardly have fired without killing some of the women and children. He decided that the Indians should be knifed while they slept.

Appointing Gray to take the right of the semicircle, Bevington the left, choosing the centre himself, and directing Biggs to secure the guns and tomahawks, the three men approached to within three hundred yards of the sleeping camp and then crept on their knees toward the Indians. They were forced to leave their guns behind them and trust only to scalping knife and tomahawk. It was a frightful risk, but their only chance.

With snake-like caution and in absolute silence they crawled over the ground. When within fifty feet of the camp a dead twig cracked and broke under Briggs' hand. The sound woke an Indian, who lifted himself and stared sleepily over the fire. The four men were as still as death. Hearing nothing further the Indian sank back again. They waited fifteen minutes for him to get sound asleep and once more began their stealthy and terrible advance. They so timed their manoeuvres that they reached the line simultaneously.

Three knives quietly rose and fell. Frontier knowledge of anatomy was sufficient to enable them to strike accurately, and three Indians died. Again they struck. And yet again.

The third Indian that Gray struck was not instantly killed. He partially rose, whereupon Gray finished him with his tomahawk. The body of the Indian fell across the legs of the man next him. He opened his mouth to cry out, but before he could make a sound Brady's ready knife struck him in the heart. There were now only three Indians left alive.

The women and children were awakened at the same time and the woods rang with their frightened screams. As they saw the supposed Indians, bloody knife in hand, looking horribly in the flickering light of the fire, the women and children fled to the woods. Gray pursued them calling their names.

The three remaining Indians, now wide awake, attempted to rise. Brady's terrible knife accounted for one, his tomahawk did for the other, and Biggs, who had at last reached the rifles, shot the last one dead. Brady had killed six, Bevington and Gray each three, and Biggs one. That war party was annihilated.

The women and children were soon found. The horses, arms and other plunder of the Indians was secured, every one of the savages was scalped, and the party returned in safety to Fort McIntosh. The place bears the name of Bloody Springs to this day.

It was the constant practice of frontiersmen to scalp the Indians whenever they could. It is impossible for us to enter into the spirit prevalent at that time, but it is evident that the settlers thought no more of killing an Indian than they would of killing a rattlesnake, or a panther, and indeed the horrors they witnessed and which every one of them had felt, either in his own person, or in the person of those near and dear to them—as Brady's

father and brother—had rendered them absolutely ruthless so far as Indians were concerned. Besides, the scalp of an Indian had a commercial value. In the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, in the Minutes of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, of which Joseph Reed was President, I find the following:

“An order was drawn in favor of Colonel Archibald Lochry, Lieutenant of the County of Westmoreland, for the sum of £12 10s. state money, equal to 2500 dollars, continental money, to be by him paid to Captain Samuel Brady, as a reward for an Indian scalp, agreeable to a late proclamation of this board.”

This interesting document is signed by his Excellency Joseph Reed. He, with his associates, therefore, is “particeps criminis” in the scalp-taking business. It was a government affair.

On another occasion Brady led a party of Rangers into what is now Ohio, in pursuit of some of the Sandusky Indians. He ambushed them at a small lake in Portage County, which was known thereafter as Brady’s Lake. The ambush was successful in that the party they were pursuing were most of them killed, but unfortunately a second and larger war party of Indians unexpectedly appeared on the scene in the middle of the action. Brady was captured after a desperate fight. Most of his men were killed and scalped and but few escaped.

Rejoicing at the importance of their capture, the Indians deferred his torture until they could take him to the Sandusky Towns, which were the headquarters for all the Indians in that part of the country. They resolved to make his burning a memorable one and kept him in confinement until they could communicate with the surrounding tribes.

The day of his punishment finally arrived. He was bound to a stake and the fires were kindled around him. They were in no hurry to kill him and the fires were kept rather low while different bodies of Indians arrived on the scene. In the confusion attendant upon these arrivals the watch upon Brady was somewhat relaxed. He was a man of great physical strength. He cautiously strained at the withes with which he was bound and finally succeeded in loosing them. According to some accounts the heat of the fire enabled him to break them.

Although he was badly scorched, for he had been stripped of his clothing when he was tied to the stake, he leaped across the

barrier of flame, seized, according to one account an Indian squaw, the wife of the principle chief, according to another, her child, pitched her into the fire, and in the alarm caused by his bold action, broke away.

He had kept himself in as good physical condition as possible, taking what exercise he could, though confined, and he dashed madly for his life through the woods with several hundred Indians upon his heels. He actually made good his escape. He had no arms, no clothing, nothing to eat. The Indians pursued him with implacable persistence. Yet, sustained by his dauntless resolution, he managed to keep ahead of them. For over a hundred miles he plunged through the woods, subsisting upon roots, berries or whatever he could get, until finally he came to the Cuyahoga River, near what is now Kent, in Portage County.

He had intended to cross the river at Standing Rock, a noted ford, but found that the Indians had intercepted him. The river at the point where he struck it flowed between steep rocky banks rising some twenty-five feet from the water's edge. It was a deep, roaring torrent. At the narrowest point, at that time, it was between twenty-five and thirty feet across to the opposite bank, which was not quite so precipitous as that upon which he stood, being rough and somewhat broken.

Having cut him off from the ford, the Indians believed that they could take him without fail in the cul-de-sac formed by the river. There was no other ford for miles up and down. Running back into the woods towards the approaching Indians whose shouts he could hear, to get a start, Brady desperately jumped from the bank. He cleared the river and struck the bank on the other side a few feet below the edge and scrambled up it just as the first pursuer appeared.

"Brady," said the man, "make damn good jump. Indian no try."

The Indians, however, shot at Brady and wounded him in the leg before the captain could escape. Without waiting he resumed his flight, but his wounded leg so hampered him that the Indians, who had crossed the ford, were again hard upon his heels. In this extremity he plunged into the water at Brady's Lake, where he had been captured, stooped beneath the surface, and concealed himself among the lilies, breathing through

a hollow reed. The Indians followed his bloody trail to the lake, around which they searched for some time, and seeing no sign of his exit concluded that he had plunged in and was drowned. He afterward succeeded in getting safely back to the fort.

The year 1782 was a remarkable one for savage Indian outbreaks. It was known in local border history as "The Bloody Year," or "The Bloody '82." Rumors of a grand alliance between the western tribes to descend upon the settlements and finally wipe them out, reached Washington, and the general requested Colonel Brodhead to send reliable persons to spy on the Indians and if possible find out what they were about to do. The choice, as usual, fell upon Brady. He asked for but one companion, who was the famous Lewis Wetzel.

Brady and Wetzel were familiar with the Indian tongue. They could speak Shawnese or Delaware like the natives themselves. Contrary to the family habit Brady was a swarthy man, with long black hair and bright blue Irish eyes, taking after his mother in that.

The two men disguised themselves as Indians, deliberately repaired to the grand council at Sandusky, representing themselves to be a deputation from a distant sept of Shawnees, which was desirous of joining in the projected conspiracy. They moved freely about among the Indians at first entirely unsuspected. They participated in the council and obtained a complete knowledge of the plans and purposes of the Indians.

One veteran chief, however, finally became suspicious. Perhaps he detected the white man through the guttural syllables, or the white faces under the war paint. The two men whose every nerve had been pressed into service and whom nothing escaped, caught the suspicious glances of the old man. Consequently when he sprang to his feet and seizing a tomahawk started toward them, it was the work of a second for Brady to shoot him dead.

Concealment being no longer possible, Wetzel shot a prominent chief, the men clubbed their rifles, beat down opposition, sprang away from the council fires, dashed through the lines, seized two of the best horses—Kentucky stock which had been captured in a raid—and rode for their lives. They were pursued, of course, by a great body of Indians, and had many hairbreadth escapes.

Wetzel's horse finally gave out and thereafter the two men, one riding, the other running, pressed madly on. Finally the second horse, fairly ridden to death, gave way, but reaching a village of some friendly Delawares, they got another horse and dashed on. Several times they doubled on their trail and shot down the nearest pursurers, checking them temporarily.

Finally they reached the Ohio. It was bank full, a roaring torrent. It was early in March, and the weather was bitterly cold. They forced their horse into the water, Brady on its back, Wetzel, who was the better swimmer, holding its tail and swimming as best he could. They had a terrible struggle but reached the other bank at last. The water froze on their bodies. Wetzel was entirely exhausted and almost perished with the cold. Brady killed the horse, disemboweled it, and thrust his companion's body into the animal, hoping that the animal heat remaining in it might keep Wetzel alive while he built a fire, which he recklessly proceeded to do.

As soon as the fire was kindled he took Wetzel out of the body of the horse and brought him to the fire where he chafed his limbs until the circulation was restored. The Indians gave over the pursuit at the Ohio, and the two men escaped.

The plans of the Indians being discovered by this daring exploit, the settlements prepared for them, the conspiracy fell to pieces, and the projected incursions came to naught.

Words fail to tell of the many incidents in which this dashing young pioneer bore a prominent part. The enterprise for which he was commended by Washington was similar to the one just described. He went alone to the Sandusky Towns in 1780 and made a map of the region, located the towns, crept near enough to the principal village to learn the plans of the Indians, captured two squaws, mounted them on captured horses and made good his escape.

Near the Ohio one of the squaws escaped. With the other, ranging through the forest, he came across an Indian on horseback with a woman on the pommel of the saddle and two children running alongside. Recognizing the woman as the wife of a frontiersman named Stupes, Brady, by a wonderful exhibition of marksmanship, shot the Indian dead without injuring the woman.

"Why," said Jenny Stupes, as she saw the painted figure

of the captain, for he was still in his disguise, dashing toward her, scalping knife in hand, "did you shoot your own brother?"

"Don't you know me, Jenny? I am Sam Brady," said the captain, grasping the terrified woman by the hand.

Taking Jenny and her children and still retaining his prisoner, he rapidly retreated towards the settlements. The Indian he had shot had been separated from a small band which happened to have retained Jenny Stupes' little dog. By the aid of the animal, which naturally ran after its mistress, the fugitives were trailed. At the time he shot the Indian Brady had but three loads for his rifle. He could not afford to expend one of them on the dog yet it had to be killed or it would betray its mistress. They sat down and waited until the dog came running up to them, when he was speedily despatched with a tomahawk, and Brady succeeded in bringing the party safely to Fort Pitt.

He was several times captured. On one occasion he rolled to a fire in the night, burnt his bonds, brained one of the Indians with a stake and got away.

At another time, after a long scouting expedition, he suddenly came upon two Indians near a huge tree. One was standing on the shoulders of the other cutting bark for a canoe. Brady had but one load for his rifle. Quickly deciding what to do he shot the lower Indian through the heart, whereupon the other one came tumbling heavily to the ground. He was partially stunned. Brady ran toward him, knife in hand, but the Indian staggered to his feet and fled, by which the captain came in possession of two guns and a supply of ammunition and was able to proceed on his expedition.

Whenever there was danger or loss his services were at command. Not only did he serve his country in several of the battles in which he commanded his company both in the East against the British, and in several expeditions against the Indians in the West, but he did more to guard the helpless settlers, rescue captured women and children, and to discover and thwart the Indian plans than any man in Pennsylvania. The women and children loved him and the men swore by him, for he was the protector of the frontier.

From these gruesome tales it must not be imagined that he was only a blood-thirsty and reckless borderer. On the contrary, like most of his family, he was a devout Presbyterian, and a



CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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marvelous student of the Bible. His grandnephews and nieces tell how he used to arrive at the cabin in which they lived, after some expedition, and when the evening meal was over and the lesson of Scripture with which these simple people prepared for rest, was read, Captain Sam Brady would suggest that they read it "varse about;" and they relate that when his turn came he generally recited his verse without the aid of the book, such was his mastery of the Bible! To his family and friends he was as kind and gentle as a woman. A family tradition says that he was the model for Cooper's famous Leatherstocking.

His brother, General Hugh, says that James Brady, who was killed by the Indians, was six feet one inch in height and that there was scarcely an inch difference in height among all the brethren. Sam was a man of great personal strength and activity. His favorite resting place when at home was on the floor by the open fireplace. There he would lie and tell stories to the children who adored him. There he slept rolled in his blanket.

He was a singular mixture of the Puritan and Cavalier. He could pray like an old Covenanter and fight with all the dash and spirit of Prince Rupert. Pennsylvania owes him a debt of gratitude which should never be forgotten.



Address of William Y. Brady

MR. CHAIRMAN, COUSINS AND FRIENDS—

We are gathered here to honor the memory of our worthy ancestors, and to renew and fix the ties of relationship. Some of us have come from homes almost within sight of this spot, others from as far North as the great lakes, or as far West as the waters of the Mississippi. We are accustomed to remark of the Chinese people that they follow the queer practice of worshipping their ancestors. We Americans cannot be accused of this fault. Many of us do not know even the names of some of our forefathers. Our English cousins assert that we are lacking in reverence and a worshipful regard for the things of the past. In America the most obstinate opponent of this feeling of reverence for our forefathers is the self-made man, the man who

having accomplished much claims all, and who puts every sentiment or consideration behind him except what is of use in reaching his ambition. And yet Abraham Lincoln, the most conspicuous example in American history of the self-made man, said that "All that I am, and all that I hope to become, I owe to the sacred memory of my mother." But what has Hugh Brady done for us? None of us have received any chests of silver or any bequests of land from him. None of us ever saw him. There is no material thing by which we can connect ourselves with his life's work. But better far than these are the lessons he taught his children, and they in turn taught their children, and so they have been handed down until we ourselves have received them. Faithfulness to home and duty, loyalty to the principles of the American Republic, and the living of clean, honest lives of useful service, these are the things which we have inherited from Hugh Brady, and these were the controlling purposes of his life. Hugh Brady was a pew holder in the Middle Spring Presbyterian Church as early as 1754, which is a direct testimony of the religious habit of his life, and his descendants have inherited to a remarkable degree his own religious belief. We find among his descendants five ministers of the Gospel, Joseph Brady, Ernest A. E. Brady, Presbyterian ministers; Samuel A. Mutchmore, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America; Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Episcopalian, and Rev. Lyons Mussina Brady, Methodist Episcopal. Many of his descendants, too, served in the various wars. It is impossible for me to name them all at this time but the following will serve to show that the descendants of Hugh Brady were at all times ready to fight, and if need be to die, for the flag of their country and the principles for which it stands.

In the French and Indian War we find Samuel Brady, Sr., Capt. Joseph Brady and Captain John Brady. In the War for Independence were Capt. John Brady and three of his sons, namely, Capt. Samuel Brady, James Brady and John Brady, Jr. With St. Clair's expedition was Samuel Brady, Sr. With Wayne's expedition were Capt. Samuel Brady and Ensign Hugh Brady, afterward General. In the War of 1812 were Col. Hugh Brady, commanding the 22nd Regiment; William Perry Brady, who gained distinction in the naval action on Lake Erie, and

his brother, Lieut. Samuel Brady, sons of John Brady, Jr.; Lieut. Joseph Brady, 8th U. S. Infantry; Sergeant John Brady, son of James Brady, Sr.; John Brady, son of Samuel Brady, Sr., and James McCune. Among the soldiers in the War between the States were Col. George Keyports Brady, Capt. Evans Rice Evans Brady, Isaac N. Brady, Lemuel Brady, William A. Bruner, John M. Barclay, Marlowe N. Drury and Robert N. Work, the last seven of whom were killed in battle. At least forty-four of the descendants of Hugh Brady served in the Union Army during the Civil War. Among his descendants who served in the Spanish-American War were Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, Lieut. Richard Coulter, Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, who served as chaplain, and many others.

In civil life also many of the descendants of Hugh Brady filled places of honor and distinction, as the following list will show:

- John Brady, son of Captain John Brady, Sheriff of Northumberland County.
- James Brady, son of Hugh Brady, Jr., Sheriff of Westmoreland County.
- John Brady, son of Captain Samuel Brady, Sheriff of Ohio County, Virginia.
- Jasper Ewing Brady, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania.
- James Brady, son of Hugh Brady, Jr., Speaker of Senate of Pennsylvania.
- William M. Piatt, Speaker of Senate of Pennsylvania.
- Frank H. Piatt, Member of Pennsylvania Legislature.
- John Brady, son of Capt. Samuel Brady, Member of Virginia Legislature.
- John Lee Brady, Member of Kansas Senate.
- James Brady, son of Hugh Brady, Jr., Commissioner of Land Office of Pennsylvania.
- William P. Brady, Deputy Surveyor of Pennsylvania.
- William Perry Brady, Deputy Sergeant at Arms of Pennsylvania Senate.
- James Wilson Piatt, District Attorney of Wyoming County.
- William W. Brady, Judge of Wise County, Texas.
- James Y. Brady, Justice of the Peace for 43 years in Indiana County, Pa.
- Robert R. Brady, Justice of the Peace of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania.
- James Hezekiah Brady, Governor of the State of Idaho.
- Sobieski Brady, Secretary of State and State Treasurer of West Virginia.
- Joseph Caldwell Brady, Member of West Virginia Legislature.
- Hermion Cline Piatt, Member of Iowa Legislature.
- Evans Rice Evans Brady, Member of Pennsylvania Legislature.

But what shall we say of the mothers of the Brady family, whose silent never-ending influence is influencing the destinies of succeeding generations. Their deeds are not emblazoned on the pages of history, yet their share of toil, hardship and fortitude was even greater than that of their husbands, at whose side they bravely marched into the trackless forest to make a home in the wilderness. I say to make a home, for while the husband

and father might build a home it remained for the wife and mother to make the home. Their names at least are known, each to some of you. Let me read a few: Hannah McCormick Brady, Mary Quigley Brady, Jane Simonton Brady, Jane and Rebecca Young Brady, Mary Carnahan Brady, Drusilla Van Swearingen Brady, Mary Brady Gray, Sarah Wallis Brady, Mary and Jane Cook Brady, Jane McCall Brady, Rachel Speer Brady, Keziah Chambers Brady, and Mary and Margaret Brady Hanna and many others of later generations to whom we owe so much, and whose vicissitudes called from them the final test of loyal womanhood.



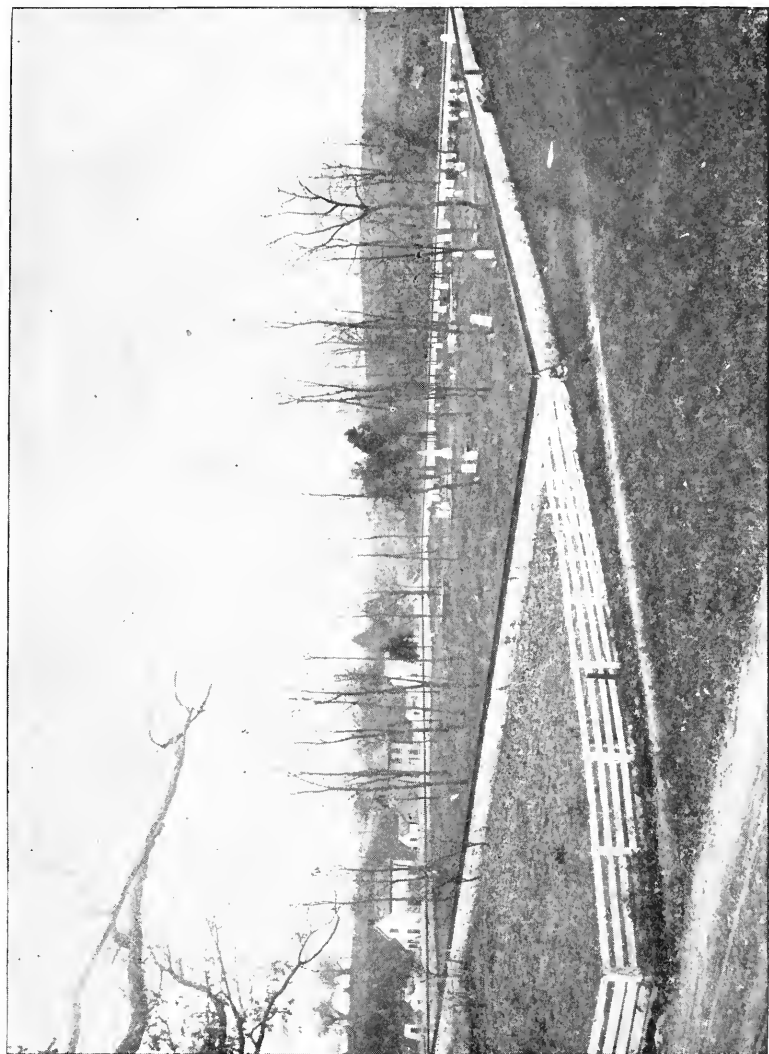
Address of Rev. Lyons Mussina Brady

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

I should say cousins, but force of habit will assert itself and lead one to say that which he would not. It was not intended that I should be on the programme of the day, but I am caught as is a grain of sand by a passing breeze and carried to fill up depressions on the shore of the river of time. It is a good thing sometimes to be absent on an occasion like this. It seems so to me just now and before I am done you may wish I was absent.

For various reasons I have never dug very deep in our folklore or lineage. I was fearful that I might come on to some thing I did not wish to find and would like to forget having once found it. I do not know that any of our tribe ever hung, nor have the information that any served time in the penitentiary, notwithstanding the fact that I believe some of them ought to have been there, and no doubt there are some who ought to be there now, and maybe we are not because of the strategy we have used to keep us out.

Another reason for not digging too deep in the family history. One is often challenged for the assertions he makes and for the want of authentic evidence is greatly embarrassed. Somewhat like the negro preacher who startled his dusky congregation with the announcement that all the great men of the Bible were colored men. "Maffew he war colored man—so many colored men



The Lower Graveyard at Middlespring, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania

named Maffew, dat shows Maffew war colored man. And Peter—Peter what hear dat ar rooster crow two times, Peter he war colored man,” when an auditor arose and said, “Hold on dar Mars Preacher, hold on dar; Peter war no colored man. Peter him a colored man dat ar rooster neber crow two times.” For fear of being challenged and embarrassed I have never gone down very deep in the history of our tribe.

But I am here today with the credentials that remove all fear of challenge and robs the occasion of any fear of embarrassment. I am a direct descendant of the illustrious Captain John Brady, of whom we heard in the excellent paper first read. In 1879 I had the honor of unveiling the monument erected to his memory through the active energy of Mr. J. M. M. Gerner, in Muncy cemetery, and in evidence of the same I offer this pamphlet containing the history of John Brady and the account of the dedication of the monument. Inasmuch as this is a time for talking about one's self you will indulge me a little further. I am the grandson of Captain William Perry Brady, whose grandfather was the illustrious Captain John Brady. Captain William Perry Brady served on Commodore Perry's fleet on Lake Erie during the War of 1812. Perry's flagship being pierced by the missiles of the enemy, was sinking; all had left the vessel, when Captain Brady discovered that the flag had been forgotten. Jumping into a boat he demanded that they row him back to the sinking vessel that he might get the flag. This was done and the flag secured, but the sleeves of Captain Brady's coat and shirt were shot from his arms as he held the flag aloft that its folds might not trail in the water. In evidence of this I offer, or hold before you, a silver medal given him by the government in recognition of his daring courage and service. On the face of one side is the inscription of honor, on the face of the other side is the profile of Commodore Perry. After the war was ended and peace established the government raised the sunken vessel, much of it was cut into small pieces and distributed among those who had served on the ship. The walking stick I hold before you was part of that craft. But enough of folklore and lineage. I am glad to be here, glad to mingle with the descendants of such illustrious sires, and I hope we may keep their memory fresh and bright by emulating their noble spirit and courage.

I am reminded as I look over this assembly of the conversation taking place between a father and little daughter. The little girl was seated on her father's knee. Opposite her was a mirror reflecting the face of her father as well as her own. After looking intently for a while in the mirror she turned to her father, saying, "Father did God make you?" "Why yes, my child," he answered. Turning her face to the glass again, after a moment's silence she turned to him again and asked, "Did God make me too, father?" "Why yes, my child, why do you ask?" "Oh I don't know, but it seems to me He is doing better work lately." As I look over this assembly and the faces of those around me and hearing what we have heard of our ancestry today I am reminded of the opinion of the little girl to the converse, that God has not been doing as good work lately as in former generations. Thanking you for your attention and the privilege of addressing you, I take my seat.



After the address of Rev. Lyons Mussina Brady the Chairman suggested that all of the addresses be printed. Mr. William P. Brady, of Davenport, Iowa, made a motion to that effect, which carried. Mr. Murdock called the attention of those present to several interesting Brady relics which some of the descendants of Hugh Brady brought with them to the reunion, among which were the silver hunting knife of Captain Samuel Brady, son of John Brady, Jr., who served in the War of 1812, and the silver medal given by the Government to his brother, William Perry Brady, for gallantry during the naval action on Lake Erie, both of which are in the possession of Mrs. Jarrett, of Lock Haven, Pa., and to Captain John Brady's surveyors' note book, owned by Mrs. Ernst, of Punxsutawney, Pa., and loaned to Belle McKinney Hays Swope for the occasion. He also urged those who had interesting Brady relics or papers to communicate that fact to Belle McKinney Hays Swope, Mr. William Y. Brady or himself so that we would have some means of knowing just what and where such things are.

A motion was made and carried to continue the present officers of the association until the next reunion.

The chairman requested all the descendants of Hugh Brady who were present to register their names, and the following responded:

Rev. Lyons Mussina Brady, Mrs. Lyons Mussina Brady, Miss Mary Brady, Shippensburg, Pa.; Helen Brady Alexander, Rachael Brady, Franklin, Pa.; William Y. Brady, Pittsburg, Pa.; William P. Brady, Davenport, Iowa; Annie R. Brady, Mary Frances Brady, Dr. Hugh Young Brady, Charles Brady, Ella B. Brady, Ohiopyle, Pa.; Mrs. Harriet Brady, Newville, Pa.; Miss Jean Brady, Miss Almeda Brady, Elliotson, Pa.; Mary A. Brady, York, Pa.; Ernest D. Brady, Mrs. Eva S. Brady, Bruce Bates Brady, Monmouth, Ill.; Dr. Sobieski H. Brady, Girardville, Pa.; Silas W. Brady, Home, Pa.; L. A. Brady, Brookville, Pa.; William G. Murdock, Milton, Pa.; Evan R. E. Craig, David Z. Craig, DuBois, Pa.; Hugh Brady Craig, Brookville, Pa.; Hugh Boyd Craig, Edwin Hayes Craig, Mrs. Hugh B. Craig, Shippensburg, Pa.; R. A. Thompson, Mrs. Josephine Brady Thompson, Indiana, Pa.; Mrs. Richard Coulter, Mrs. John Barclay, Jack Barclay, Mrs. W. T. Dom, Mrs. D. C. Ogden, Greensburg, Pa.; Frank H. Piatt, Mrs. Frank H. Piatt, Robert M. Piatt, Tunkhannock, Pa.; Mrs. Clarence V. McCreight, Indiana, Pa.; Mrs. Maurice W. Keefer, Robert Stuart Keefer, Greensburg, Pa.; Mrs. Arletta Brady Taylor, Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Barbara Brady Clark, Mrs. Mary Brady Jarrett, Mrs. Liberty Brady Hanna, Lock Haven, Pa.; Mrs. Ezemiah Woods, William Woods, Mrs. Jennie Woods, Miss Ezemiah Woods, W. A. Woods, Sara Woods, William Woods, Jr., Huntsdale, Pa.; Emma P. Gracey, Laura B. Gracey, Isabel Gracey, Mrs. J. S. Gracey, Robert Gracey, Edwin P. Hays, Maria M. Hays, Rachael G. Hays, Robert M. Hays, Mrs. John Sharpe Hays, Lucy Sharpe Hays, Belle McKinney Hays Swope, Mrs. A. E. Scouller, Mrs. O. C. Tritt, Eleanor Tritt, John S. Woodburn, Mrs. Jane Woodburn, Ella Sharpe, Josephine Sharpe, Bertha Sharpe, Julia McCandlish Spangler, J. B. Fulton, Mrs. Hanna McCune Fulton, Helen McCune, Eliza C. McCullogh, Tabitha McCullogh, Jane B. Ahl, M. Lou McCune, W. A. Fulton, Mrs. Hugh Brady Fulton, E. G. Tritt, Mrs. E. G. Tritt, Donald M. Tritt, Marguerite H. Tritt, Newville, Pa.; Helen M. McCune, Augusta M. McCune, William A. McCune, Samuel Brady McCune, Mary S. McCune, James A. Sharpe, Mrs. James A. Sharpe, Eleanor Sharpe, Mrs.

W. C. McClellan, Eleanor McClellan, Ida B. Quigley, Anna M. Quigley, Mary B. Quigley, Shippensburg, Pa.; Mrs. Robert McCune Searight, Edith M. Searight, Benjamin McKeehan, Mary Fulton McKeehan, Robert Fulton McKeehan, Robert M. Stuart, Mrs. Robert M. Stuart, Carlisle, Pa.; William F. Beck, Mrs. William F. Beck, Ward E. Beck, Lock Haven, Pa.; Samuel F. Houston, Mrs. Margaret Sharpe Houston, Carlisle, Pa.; James Brady Stuart, Mrs. James Brady Stuart, Harold Brady Stuart, Mary Stuart, Mt. Holly, Pa.; Margaret Brady Smith, Mildred Flora Smith, W. F. Brady, Mrs. W. F. Brady, Williamsport, Pa.; William R. Bridgens, Sunbury, Pa.; Effie J. Weakly, Birmingham, Alabama; Mrs. Jas. M. Herring, Baltimore, Md.; R. E. Woods, Mrs. R. E. Woods, Helen Woods, Elizabeth Woods, Oakville, Pa.; George E. Whitney, Mrs. George E. Whitney, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mary E. Morrow, Scranton, Pa.; Jemina Brady Mott, Cresson, Pa.; Romaine Spangler, York, Pa.; Mrs. John Sharpe, Mary Sharpe, Chambersburg, Pa.; Mrs. W. B. Cochran, Pittsburg, Pa.; Jacob Johnston, Mrs. Jacob Johnston, Duncannon, Pa.; Elizabeth McCune, Middle Spring, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Brady Thompson, St. Clair Thompson, Home, Pa.; Mary Brockunier, Elizabeth Brady Brockunier, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Sara Sharpe Gracey, New Cumberland, Pa.



The Third Day of the Reunion

THE VISIT TO GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD

It seemed appropriate that the members of a family whose ancestors took such an active part in the early history of this country, in protecting its inhabitants from the atrocities of the red men, and its borders from invasion of foreign foes, and who, in the formative period of our government, responded so loyally to the call of the Declaration of Independence, and by their valor and vigor did their full share to have the thirteen dependent struggling colonies declared free from the thralldom oppressing them, resulting in their being federated as the United States of America, should have been invited to assemble at Gettysburg



*MIFFLIN B. BRADY M.D.
SON OF LT. COL. GEORGE
KEYPORTS BRADY*



*GEORGE KEYPORTS BRADY,
LT. COL. U.S. ARMY,
SON OF JASPER EWING BRADY*

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on the third day of their first family reunion for the purpose of visiting a battlefield on which, at a later period of its history, when our country was rent in twain by the fiercest of internal dissensions, was fought the most crucial contest of the Civil War, if not of modern times.

It is said that when the rank and file of General Lee's army marched through the fertile fields of Pennsylvania and saw so much evidence of thrift and prosperity on every side, and nothing whatever suggesting the devastation of war, excepting what they themselves were making, and compared the surroundings to the depleted condition of the different sections of the South, and the absence of men to cultivate their fields, they soon became convinced that the resources of the north were inexhaustible, and that they were marching to meet a foe that could not be conquered.

Friday, August 20th, was an ideal day for such an excursion. The air was well tempered for out-door enjoyment, and the sun was dimmed by light, passing, fleecy clouds, just sufficiently to rest the eyes at times from the strain that might otherwise have been given them when the guides were describing some occurrence of the battle which extended beyond the ordinary range of vision.

There were many pleasant surprises on the morning train, when those who bade each other good-bye the day before met again, with the explanation that they only yielded at the last moment to the temptations of visiting Gettysburg under such pleasant conditions, and their bright countenances were the best evidence that they were glad indeed that they had done so. The kindred displayed some of their inherited fortitude by the cool and collected way in which they withstood the assaults of the horde of drivers and guides who surrounded them on arrival, each one proclaiming, in a most insinuating manner, his superior knowledge of battlefield lore.

Much pleasure was experienced in passing the different parties on the morning ride, and drawing one's inference as to the feeling predominating in the minds of the different tourists. There were many whose faces and manner bore evidence of a determination to profit to the very fullest extent by the opportunity before them, to learn all the details possible of the actual

history of the battle while on the ground, and who listened most attentively to the many thrilling stories of heroism and self sacrifice told them while the places in which they were performed were being pointed out, and the intervals of silence were spent in contemplation of the wonderful display of patriotism and sacrifice to which they had just listened. There were others of the party who really seemed to more fully appreciate the privilege before them of spending another day with new found relatives and acquaintances, and cementing friendships which had been formed and had grown under such auspicious circumstances, than they did in the unfolding of the history of a great battle. But all of them bore evidence by their happy faces and cordial salutations that they were more than pleased that they had come.

There were again many surprises during the stop at the different hotels at noon when congenial parties were found for dinner. The hour glided rapidly by in comparing experiences of the past three days and in strengthening ties of friendship which had thus been formed, and exchanging pledges that they would only ripen and grow more firm as the years roll by.

During the afternoon ride many of the older members of the party especially grew more serious as they indulged in reminiscences of those of the connection familiar to them who had fought at Gettysburg. One related a conversation he had some years ago with a close lineal descendant of Captain John Brady, but who did not bear the name, who referred in the most matter of fact way, as part of the story he was telling, as having charged at the head of his company across the noted Wheat Field four different times during the three days of the fight. There were others who displayed equal bravery at Culp's Hill, Big and Little Round Top, in the Wheat Field, and at other severely contested points in the three days' struggle, and who no doubt witnessed, if they did not help to check, Pickett's magnificent charge (which can only be construed as a great tribute to the bravery of Americans,) which ended near a noted clump of trees which will be forever known as "the high tide of the Confederacy," willingly risking their lives, as their valiant ancestors had done in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars, the War of 1812, and that with Mexico. They fought in defense of women and children, for freedom and the love of their country and the honor of the flag,

battling again for the right, as they saw the right, and that the Government at Washington might live.

As the writer's party entered the cemetery in which so many brave men are now resting on "fame's eternal camping ground" just as the spot was pointed out where the immortal Lincoln made that address which ranks as one of the most famous speeches of history, a few drops of rain fell, which seemed a fitting benediction on that sacred scene around us.

As the journey over the field was drawing to a close and the time approaching for final separation, it was indeed a fortunate circumstance that enabled so many of the party to meet at the observatory tower at Little Round Top, where acquaintances were again renewed, good-byes said with hearts full of pride and satisfaction that they belonged to a family whose members from the earliest colonial times down to the present day impressed their names and deeds on the important pages of the history of their country. They separated with the strong desire that they might soon again gather in the same close relationship they enjoyed during the three days of the reunion, visiting historic places, giving and absorbing knowledge of relatives and ancestors, and by further research in the interval, adding greater laurels to the Brady Family of Pennsylvania.

Among those who visited the battlefield were: Helen Brady Alexander and Miss Rachel Brady, Franklin, Pa.; Mrs. W. B. Cochran, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Jemina B. Mott, Cresson, Pa.; Belle McKinney Hays Swope, Newville, Pa.; William P. Brady, Davenport, Iowa. Dr. Sobieski H. Brady, Girardville, Pa.; Ward E. Beck, Mrs. W. F. Beck, Mrs. Mary Brady Jarrett, Mrs. J. W. Clark, Liberty Brady Hanna, Lock Haven, Pa.; Mrs. Willis Taylor, Margaret Brady Smith, Mildred Smith, Williamsport, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Piatt, Robert M. Piatt, Tunkhannock, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Thompson, Mrs. Clarence V. McCreight, Indiana, Pa.; Silas W. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Thompson, Home, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Creamer, Bess M. Rhodes, Shippensburg, Pa.; J. S. Gracey, Emma Gracey, Newville, Pa.; William R. Bridgens, Sunbury, Pa.; Dr. Hugh Young Brady, Charles Brady, Mary Brady, Ella Brady, Annie Brady, Ohio Pyle, Pa.; L. A. Brady, Hugh Brady Craig, Brookville, Pa.; Evans Rice Evans Craig, David Craig, Dubois, Pa.; H. A. McCune, New Florence, Pa.

Early Records of Hugh Brady in Cumberland County

Record Book "A" Vol. 1, Page 18, Carlisle, Pa.

Release of Hugh Brady to Richard Peters dated 7 Oct. 1748. In consideration of £25 sold and released all that tract of land with the improvements and buildings situate in Hopewell Township, Lancaster County, adjoining John McQuin and Robt. Simonton containing 200 acres more or less, 50 acres of which were granted to Thomas Woods by warrant 19 Mch., 1744, and by said Woods to Hugh Brady 30 Aug. 1745 and the other 150 acres were warranted to Hugh Brady 6th Oct. 1748.

Bill of Sale. Hugh Brady of Hopewell to Francis Campbell and David Megaw of Shippensburg, storekeepers, dated 3 Apr. 1753. Recorded in Book A, Vol. 1, Page 33.

In consideration of £12. 10 s. and 3 d. set over and deliver to Campbell and Megaw 1 bay mare 8 years old branded "W. F." on the near buttocks, one sorrel mare, white faced, 7 years old, branded "S." on the shoulder, and a red cow with calf 3 yrs. old, a flecked red cow & white cow 4 yrs. old and 2 yearling calves. To have and to hold &c.

Witnesses:

David Summerrall
Robt. Simonton

HUGH BRADY.

Deed of Robert Simonton to Wm. Starett dated Apr. 19th, 1768. Recorded in Book B, Vol. 1, Page 213. In the description it mentions Hugh Brady as one of the adjoiners.



Joseph Brady, third son of Hugh Brady, of Cumberland County

Joseph Brady, third son of Hugh and Hannah McCormick Brady, was born about 1735 and married Mary Carnahan; during the Revolution he was Captain of the 7th Company, 1st Battalion of Cumberland County Associators, and was commissioned in July 1777, and saw service throughout the war. He was a large, fine looking man, quick upon his feet and absolutely fearless. The following is a copy of his will, taken from the records at Carlisle:

September 7th 1776.

I Joseph Brady of the County of Cumberland And Township of Hopewell. Farmer. Being Called forth in the Defence of my Country To join the third Battalion at Amboy If it please God that I should fall in Battle or otherwise Do make and ordain this to be my last will and testament. First I leave my beloved Wife Mary the whole of my estate in her hands During her life or while she continues my Widow to be Managed and Disposed of as I shall hereafter describe I appoint her my said Wife and James McCune of said Township To be my Executors.

As the times are so Dreadful I cannot even guess at the value of my Estate but Desires that these my Executors after selling such a part of my stocks as

shall pay my lawful Debts that the Remainder be kept on the plantation under the Immediate Direction of my Executors and when My Eldest Daughter Marget is Married I allow my Executors to coonsider and Inspect into the state of my familie the childrens schooling the Clearness of the Estate from Debts &c and whatever Can be spared of said stocks I apoint said Executors to Give to her. said Marget having still a strict Regard to the Inspection and in like manner so on with my other Daughters viz Mary Jean Hannah Elizabeth At the same time aprasing all things they Receive; Let it be further observed that If each of my Daughters Doth not Receive in Chattles to the amount of Thirty pounds at their marriage or at the age of twenty two years what remains I allow my two sons Hugh and Joseph to pay them in Money after that Joseph Comes to be twenty one years of age when Joseph is twenty two years of age then Marget is payed the next year Mary the Next year Jean and so on of the other two If any of these My Daughters Be Dead Before the above period Referred to whether married or unmarried My Sons shall be cleared from paying the sum to anyother heir I leave the then whole of my Lands Goods Chattles and Estate Real and personal to be equally Divided Between My two sons Hugh and Joseph at the decease of their Mother or her Marriage. If she my beloved Mary should Chuse to Marry then let her Receive the third of the Moveable Estate and Clear the premises Receive such a subsistance as the law may apoint But nothing more and My Children if minors at the Discretion of my faithful Executor or such as he shall apoint over them If any of my two sons should die without Issue I Do apoint his share to his surviving brother If Both should Die without Issue I Do allow that the whole be divided among my Daughters Equally

I Do therefore Make and ordain this to be my last will and Testament Renouncing Making void and Declareing against any other wills legacies or Instruments of writings By me in any other sense intended as my last will and Testament Ratifying and Confirming this and this alone to be my last will

In testimony thereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal Before these present witnesses.

Signed sealed published
pronounced and declared
to be the last will and Testament
by the said Joseph Brady before us
the Subscribers

Hugh Laughlin
John Mitchell

JOSEPH BRADY (seal)

The will was probated June 22, 1787.



"Old Sam" Brady

Samuel Brady, third son of Hugh Brady, Sr., and brother of Captain John Brady, was born in 1734 on his father's farm at the Big Spring, near Newville, Cumberland county. He subsequently moved to Standing Stone, Huntingdon county. When at the age of twenty, the French and Indian War broke out. After Braddock's defeat he enlisted as a private. His company belonged to John Armstrong's little regiment of 307 men. In the fall of 1756 he participated in the capture and burning of the Indian town of Kittanning. During the capture Brady entered the chief's wigwam and found all deserted save a little papoose lying on a cot. The baby looked up in Brady's face with smiles and chuckles,

but another soldier approached from behind and seized it. Brady interceded strongly for the child's life, but the other dashed its brains out upon a post, swearing as he did so that "nits make lice."

During this campaign Brady served in the company of Captain Steele, a Presbyterian preacher from Cumberland county. When the retreat from the burning town had been taken up, some of the prisoners said that a band of twenty-four Indians had left the village the day before. As the army continued the march during the evening they saw a light not far off the trail, and a scout was dispatched to investigate. He stepped up close and counted the fires. Returning he said there were not more than five or six Indians in the camp. It was decided to leave Lieutenant Ford with twelve men to fall upon the Indians at daylight. When the attack was made it was discovered that instead of five or six there were upwards of two dozen Indians. The surprised lieutenant and his men stood the return attack for awhile, but he himself being twice wounded, and the men taking to the bushes for cover, the little band was obliged to fall back. The brave lieutenant was placed upon a horse and carried as far as he was able to stand the riding. Then his men placed him on the ground to leave him. They passed him in line, each man taking him by the hand and saying goodbye. As Brady passed the lieutenant would not let go his hand but clung to him for three hundred yards. Then Brady stopped and laid him down on the ground, remaining with him till he died. Brady secreted his body and hurried on to the main army and prevailed upon some friends to return with him, and bringing along some tools they buried the lieutenant's remains, and covered his grave with leaves to hide it from the Indians. Hurrying on they overtook the Army during the night and returned with them to Fort Shirley after an absence of eight days. •

Samuel Brady did duty at Fort Shirley for some time after this, but later joined the company which his brother John had formed in Cumberland County. They marched by way of Bedford to Fort Ligonier, after which the valley takes its name. The whole of Forbes army to which they belonged was massed at this point, together with 2700 Virginians, 1600 Marylanders, and 200 Carolinians. After Fort DuQuesne had been captured and burned and the French had been driven from the neighbor-

hood, General Forbes returned to the East, leaving a garrison to hold the fort till the next Spring.

When John Brady returned home to Shippensburg he found that his young wife had brought forth her first son and had named him Samuel, after his brother and fellow soldier. For the later prowess of this son the Indians of three States learned to have a profound respect.

John Brady removed his family to a point near Huntingdon's present site, and a few years afterward (1775) his brother Sam, who had recently married, came and settled on the other side of the river, nearly opposite. In the year 1776 both families moved to Muncy Valley, where John soon after formed a company for Revolutionary service. When his brother's company was ordered to the front Samuel Brady enlisted as a private and served with the company in all its engagements, remaining with the army after the defeat at Brandywine, where Captain John was wounded, returning home after the battle of Germantown.

While at home Samuel Brady made a pet of an old Indian named Wamp. He would often throw a deer in at the door of the Indian's wigwam and Brady, with the cooperation of his brother John's son James, managed to keep the old fellow fat during the winter. Next Spring, just before the threatened Indian outbreak, as Brady was out in the woods hunting, he caught sight of old Wamp acting queerly and seeming to want to shoot Brady. The latter stepped behind a tree and peeped out to see what Wamp was about. Bang! went the old man's rifle, and the bullet took off a portion of his left ear. Brady's Scotch-Irish was up in a minute, and vowing not to let any Indian take such liberties with him, rushed upon the miscreant and clove his head with a tomahawk.

Samuel Brady was at Fort Muncy the day Captain John was killed in ambuscade and it was he who rushed out, followed by some of the garrison, and bore his brother into the fort. He succeeded to the command of his brother's company although he served without a commission. He pressed the pursuit of the Indians with undeviating energy, and drove them out of the country along the Susquehanna, following one party as far as Fort Bedford. He and his men returned afterward to Fort Freeland. Brady, during these campaigns had a close companion, a little Irishman named Hughey Daugherty, and many were

the experiences they went through together. On one occasion at Fort Freeland, the main part of the garrison had crossed the river on an expedition, leaving Brady and Daugherty with the women. A scouting party of British soon appeared and demanded the surrender of the fort. Brady said "no" and he and Hughey set about a defensive fire upon the British and Indians while the women loaded the rifles. After quite a fight, during which more than one of the enemy was stretched out on the grass, the garrison crossed the river and raised the siege.

Later on, Brady and the remnant of his brother's old company formed part of the garrison at Bedford, and frequently did scouting duty in the mountain districts. On one occasion they set out on what is known as the Bedford scout. Leaving the fort with two days rations they traveled northward as far as the present site of Hollidaysburg. Here they suddenly fell in with a large party of Indians. The scouts being greatly outnumbered, fell back, and the Indians followed closely. At intervals the scouts made a stand until driven from their position. A stand was made at a stream called Bloody Run. Quite a number of the Indians were shot and killed, but the scouts had suffered the loss of nearly half their number. The last stand was made not far from Bloody Run. A commanding position was obtained, and as before, the scouts did effective work, but the pressure became too strong and they were dislodged again. Samuel Brady was here shot in the leg. He sprang on the leg and finding that the bone was not broken proceeded to make his escape to Fort Bedford. The next day quite a number of troops were sent out, but did not succeed in overtaking the enemy. The troops gathered up the remains of the unfortunate scouts and returned with them to the Fort. After this battle the Indians seemed to have left the neighborhood for good. Samuel Brady soon after received an appointment as scout or spy at Fort Ligonier, and scouted the country between that place and a blockhouse, the subsequent owner of which was known as Block House Thompson, and which was located not far from the present town of Indiana.

When General St. Clair marched against the Indians, Brady enlisted and was present at the memorable defeat. As the army started to retreat an old Indian sprang up in front and shouted to kill all white men and take no prisoners. Brady remarked to him that he had a pill for him and shot him down with his rifle.

Brady also joined General Wayne in his more successful Indian warfare, and although serving to an extremely old age, managed to keep abreast of the younger blood. Samuel Brady died in Indiana County in 1811, aged 77 years.

This man with his military career is a striking picture. Starting out in his twenty-first year as a soldier, he served as a private in the ranks till white haired old age drove him from the camp. For a full half century of America's most eventful career he took part in every military movement that presented itself.

Samuel Brady, familiarly known as "Old Sam" in distinction from his celebrated and much loved nephew, was of a large figure and of a jovial, genial disposition. His rather neglected family consisted of two sons and four daughters. Joseph, his younger son, died unmarried, and John, the older, lived in Indiana county to the age of eighty-one years and was the father of nine children. Of these Jane (McBeth), William, Samuel, John, Robert, James W., Hugh and Cooper raised families of various proportions.—From Egle's Notes and Queries, 1896.

Samuel Brady, brother to Captain John, who was killed at Wolf Run, and an uncle of the celebrated Samuel Brady of the Rangers, was at Fort Freeland the day of its capture, June 29, 1779. He was determined not to be carried off as a prisoner, and watching an opportunity, suddenly dashed into the hazel bushes and ran for life. He escaped through the bushes and came upon a plain, hotly pursued by several Indians. He was determined, as he was afterwards heard to say, to "make his eternal escape!"

After running a considerable distance, he looked back and found himself pursued by two Indians, one a large dangerous looking fellow, the other of small stature. He renewed his speed and was getting along pretty well, when his foot slipped into a hole, and he fell down. The large Indian was foremost, but Brady had fallen with a loaded rifle in his hand, with which he shot at the savage, who gave a wild yell and fell dead. The other, fearing that there might be more rifles about, gave up the pursuit and returned. Brady yelled after him at the top of his voice, "You murdering thief, you didn't know it was Brady!" —Meginness' Otzinachson, 1857, page 253.

Children and Grandchildren of Hugh Brady, of Cumberland County.

The following information in relation to the Brady family was obtained some years ago (about 1852) from Joseph Brady, of Westmoreland County, Penna., then eighty years of age, by Jasper E. Brady, at Pittsburg.

The progenitors of the family in America were Hugh Brady, an Irishman, and Haunah, his wife, a Scotch woman. It is believed that they first settled in the State of Delaware, and subsequently removed to near Shippensburg, Cumberland County, Penna. They left the following children, viz:

1. Samuel Brady, intermarried with Jane Simonton.
2. John Brady, intermarried with Mary Quigley.
3. Joseph Brady, intermarried with Mary Carnahan.
4. William Brady, intermarried with ——— Ferguson.
5. Hugh Brady, intermarried with Jane Young.
6. Ebenezer Brady, intermarried with Jane Irvine.
7. James Brady, intermarried with Rebecca Young.
8. Mary Brady, intermarried with Samuel Hanna.
9. Margaret Brady, intermarried with Archibald Hanna.

Jane Young and Rebecca Young were sisters, and Samuel Hanna and Archibald Hanna were brothers.

I.—Children of SAMUEL BRADY:

1. John Brady, intermarried with (1) Margaret Barrons, (2) Eleanor Watts.
2. Joseph Brady, intermarried with Miss McBride.
3. Mary Brady { Twins } intermarried with Esquire John Work.
4. Elizabeth Brady { } Died single.
5. Margaret Brady, died single.
6. Hannah Brady, intermarried with Peter Justice.

II.—Children of JOHN BRADY, who was killed by the Indians during the Revolutionary War, near Muncy, Pa.:

1. Samuel Brady, celebrated Indian hunter, married Miss Van Swearingen.
2. James Brady, killed by the Indians, died single.
3. William Brady, died in infancy.
4. John Brady, intermarried with Jane McCall.
5. Mary Brady, intermarried with Capt. William Gray.
6. William P. Brady, intermarried with Jane Cook.
7. Gen. Hugh Brady, intermarried with Sarah Wallis.
8. Jane Brady, twin sister of Gen. Hugh Brady, died single.
9. Robert Brady, intermarried with Mary Cook.
10. Agnes Brady, died in infancy.
11. Hannah Brady, intermarried with Major Robert Gray. No children.
12. Joseph Brady, died in infancy.
13. Liberty Brady, intermarried with Major William Dewart. No children.

Jane and Mary Cook were sisters and Capt. and Maj. Gray were uncle and nephew.

III—Children of JOSEPH BRADY. He was a preacher:

1. Hugh Brady, intermarried with Keziah Chambers.
2. Joseph Brady, intermarried with Elizabeth Foster.
3. Margaret Brady, intermarried with ——— Brown.
4. Mary Brady, intermarried with Thomas McCune. ✓
5. Hannah Brady, intermarried with Joseph Duncan.
6. Jane Brady, intermarried with Paul Martin.
7. Elizabeth Brady, intermarried with James McKee.

IV.—WILLIAM BRADY removed to Carolina in early times and it is said he was killed by the Indians.

V.—Children of HUGH BRADY:

1. James Brady, of Greensburg, Pa., married Rachel Spear.
2. John Brady, married Unice Deeher.
3. Samuel Brady, died single.
4. Joseph Brady, died when four years old.
5. Joseph Brady, who gave this information, since dead, married Barbara Ream.
6. Mary Brady, died single.
7. Hannah Brady, intermarried with Samuel McCune.
8. Rebecca Brady, intermarried with Hugh McCune.
9. Jane Brady, at the time this information was given was living and was seventy-four years of age and single. The McCunes were cousins.

VI.—Children of EBENEZER BRADY:

1. Hugh Brady, lived in Indiana County, Pa.
2. John Brady, lived in Indiana County, Pa.
3. William Brady, lived in Indiana County, Pa.
4. Ebenezer Brady, lived in Indiana County, Pa.
5. Martha Brady, intermarried with Daniel Shannon.
6. Mary Brady, intermarried with Daniel Bower.
7. Drusilla Brady, intermarried with William McCreight.
8. Susan Brady, intermarried with William Thompson.

VII.—Children of JAMES BRADY:

1. John Brady, intermarried with Mrs. Marg't Thompson (nee McElheny.)
2. Joseph Brady.
3. Ebenezer Brady, lived in Indiana County.
4. Samuel Brady, intermarried with Mrs. Anna McPherson (nee Barr.)
5. James Y. Brady, intermarried with Sarah Ricketts. (Grandfather of Gov. Brady.)
6. Margaret Brady.
7. Jane Brady, intermarried with Wm. McCall.
8. Hannah Brady, intermarried with John Wiggins.

VIII.—Children of MARY BRADY HANNA:

1. Joseph Hanna.
2. Ebenezer Hanna.
3. Samuel Hanna.
4. Margaret Hanna.
5. Elizabeth Hanna.

IX.—Children of MARGARET BRADY HANNA:

1. Hugh Hanna.
2. William Hanna.
3. Mary Hanna.
4. Hannah Hanna.

The Hanna families early removed to Ohio or Kentucky and nothing is now known of them.

Extract from a Funeral Discourse by Rev. George
Duffield on the 18th of April, 1851, at the interment
of the remains of the late Hugh Brady, Brevet
Major General of the United States Army

From Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. 3, page 87 &c., 1879-80.

II Samuel, Chapter 14, 14th verse—"For we must die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. Neither does God respect persons; yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him."

Another, and a veteran hero has fallen ! Death has numbered with his victims the gallant soldier, the honorable citizen, the noble-minded patriot. We gather round his mortal remains to deplore our loss. Both in his social relations, as the affectionate father, the warm-hearted friend, the kind and pleasant neighbor, and the generous helper of the needy and distressed; and in his public—as the ornament and pride of our city, the boast and delight of the army, his country's treasure, and a bright jewel in her fame—we have much in this loss to mourn. Tears become us when we approach the tomb, especially when we convey "the mighty man and man of war" to the house appointed for all living. It was near the cemetery of Bethlehem, where two sorrowing sisters went to weep over the grave of a brother beloved, the blessed Redeemer met them, and mingling His tears with theirs, preached that memorable discourse in which He spake words of consolation and of hope to their afflicted hearts. We would follow this divine precedent; and here, assembled to weep by the bier of one so deeply, universally, and justly beloved, would extract from the text a few thoughts appropriate to the scene, and prefatory to a short sketch of his history and character.

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The thought that the warm and generous heart which once glowed with such gallant zeal and love for his country's honor, had felt the pulsations of a still more vigorous affection for the Friend and Savior of sinners, sweetly comforts us on this sad occasion, and sheds a richer perfume around the name and memory of General Hugh Brady, than all the laurels which were ever wreathed or blossomed on his manly brow. Modest, humble, and averse from seeking for his own praise, his spirit would be grieved should it have cognizance of any unfounded or extravagant attempt at panegyric. Yet would we do violence to our

own and your feelings alike, beloved hearers, should we refrain wholly from some tribute to his personal and social worth.

His life and history form one of the few remaining links that connect the present generation—now dwelling at ease in the enjoyment of the liberty, prosperity and greatness of our glorious confederacy—with the olden times that tried men's souls.

The greatest portion of his extended life was spent upon the borders of our wide and rapidly spreading country. Familiar with Indian warfare and perils from his very infancy, when called into his country's service he had been schooled and trained for courageous deeds.

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His gallant behavior on the field of battle, both at Bridgewater and Lundy's Lane, the wounds he received, and the manner in which a kind Providence preserved his life, are too well known to need comment. His history since that war is public property. His name stands indelibly recorded in the annals of his country's fame. With his vigilance and untiring energy, and the wisdom he displayed in preventing the outbursts of wild and ruinous excitement, to some extent proving contagious among many of our own citizens, during the disturbance in Canada in 1837-38, we are all familiar. Everyone will bear testimony, as well to his respects for the rights and liberties of his fellow citizens, as to the fidelity and success with which he executed the trust reposed in him by the government of his country. With scarcely any supply of regular troops—sustained and aided mainly by the gallant and faithful band that bore his honored name, whose remaining members here this day appear among the chief mourners—he watched and guarded this frontier so efficiently in that perplexing period, that he not only obtained the gratitude and praise of our citizens, but the plaudit of the chief commanding officer, General Scott, who, after his visit to this State, reported to the President that all had been here quieted. We leave to others a fuller sketch of his pursuit of the Indian Chief, his removal of the Indians from this State, and of his military life in general, and close with a few remarks touching his character.

Naturally he was a man of noble soul, who could not brook a mean and dishonorable action. Sincere and honest himself, he held in utter contempt everything like duplicity and falsehood. Never lavish or flattering in his professions of regard and friend-

ship for others, he was ever prompt in his sympathies, and firm in his attachments. A truer heart ne'er beat in mortal breast. The happiness of others ever gave him delight. Devoid of envy or ambition that would sacrifice whatever stood in the way of self aggrandizement, he made not complaint if even less deserving attained to what was his due. He took peculiar delight in the circle of his friends, and cherished for all the liveliest affection. His private notes breathe the most benignant regards, and the yearnings of the fondest heart for his children, and his children's children. In their griefs he fully shared when called, as he was frequently, to mourn with them the loss of early blossoms, nipped by the severe frosts of death.

He was the ardent friend of his brethren in military service; nor could he endure the least reproach against the army, which he loved with almost a father's affection. The soldiers' claims he never despised; nor did he ever exalt or praise them to the injury and injustice of a fellow citizen. His sense of justice was exceedingly strong; and none would be more sure to forfeit his esteem than they whose selfishness would dictate injury or wrong to others.

His personal influence was on the side of good morals. He was the ardent lover of his country, and his country's flag. Although warmly attached to his native state, yet were his local attachments all merged in his more devoted affection for the glorious union of these free United States. Nor did anything more quickly rouse him, or more deeply wound him, than what tended to rend the bonds of this noble confederacy. He was the friend of what he thought tended to promote the public good.

He was respected by the aged and loved by the young. His heart had not in the least been rendered callous by age to the society and enjoyments of youth. Simple in his manners, hating all hypocrisy and the false parade of fashionable regard, he was never indifferent to the social delight of familiar converse with old and young of either sex.

For female worth, and especially unpretending and consistent female piety, he entertained the highest regard. Soldier as he was, he ever acknowledged and felt the charms of female excellence. Great had been its influence in the formation of his own character, and we doubt not, in moulding his eternal destiny.

The partner of his bosom was in every respect worthy of him; and the bright radiance of her pure, humble and uniform piety, which made her house the sphere of its loveliest and most attractive influence, so commended the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and so illustrated its power, as to banish all skepticism from his mind as to the reality and value of evangelical religion. Long and truly did his widowed heart mourn her loss; and again and again, as he saw developed in his daughters the piety of the mother, and witnessed their happy and triumphant exits from this vain and fleeting world, he felt his heart upward drawn, and impressed with a sense of the sweetness and value, the importance and necessity of an interest in Jesus Christ.

Deprived of the benefit of a preached gospel by reason of his utter inability to hear a public speaker, the ordinary public means of grace were unavailing to him; yet did he religiously, and with as much pleasure as punctiliousness, liberally contribute to the support of religion. Shut out from the house of God of late years, he made the Bible more especially his study, and conscientiously devoted the Sabbath to its perusal. "Is it not remarkable," wrote he near the close of his life, after recounting the history of his brothers for the benefit of his children, "that I, who was considered the most feeble of all, should outlive all my brothers, after having been exposed to more dangers and vicissitudes than any, except Samuel? Is it not a proof that there is from the beginning 'a day appointed for man to die?' It is said, 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but safety is of the Lord.' That is my belief."

That providence he recognized, not only in his own personal history, but in that of others, and especially of his country; and most of all in that of Washington, of whom he was ever a passionate admirer, and to whom he has borne such a strong and religious testimony, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting it from his diary, being illustrative of his own character, as true of the merited object of his admiration.

"Washington! It matters not by whom, how or where the name is pronounced, provided it refers to the man, it has a most astonishing effect on me. My heart melts; my eyes fill; and I am thankful that I am one of the generation in which he took so conspicuous a part. Such a generation as his the world has not witnessed since the days of our Savior. No doubt but that he

was a chosen instrument in the hands of God to loosen the bonds of them that were bound, and to give liberty to the sons of men. In studying his character and reviewing the great things he did, and after reading Spark's life of him, I have come to the conclusion that there was never given to anyone so much wisdom as he had throughout his life. It strikes me that he was finished from above. At the time he was in need he not only led the army, but the congress, and the whole country. And one of the best evidences that could be produced that the Almighty was at all times by his side, is that the minds of men, both public and private, of high and low degree, were obedient to his call and advice."

It was General Brady's study of the Bible that made him such a believer in the providence of God. And it is a matter of thankfulness from all his friends that we have good reasons to hope the study of that blessed book had led him to a still higher knowledge and belief. He had not been a stranger to the thought of his own death, nor had he, as we received the assurance from his own lips, left the matter of his own soul's salvation to a dying hour. Although stunned and terribly injured by the fatal and violent fall from his vehicle, and weakened by great loss of blood, he survived long enough to converse freely with his children and friends. His first wish, expressed to his son, when returning to consciousness, was to die. But he lived to profess in the bosom of his family, his utter destitution of all confidence in himself; his renunciation of his own righteousness and good deeds; and his confident trust in the merits and meditation, the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, "the only name given under Heaven among men, whereby we must be saved."

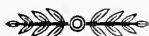
The promises of God's word, on which he rested, were "too plain," he said, "to be mistaken;" and they were the foundation of his hope. "His time," he believed, "had come," and he was "ready to go." Nor did he breathe a murmur or display at any time the least impatience; but calmly and quietly breathed his soul out into the hands of God.

And now lay his sword on his breast, that time-honored sword, whose scabbard, all bruised and battered by many a bullet on the field of battle, oft warded off the stroke of death. Yes—

Lay that sword on his breast ! There's no spot on its blade,
 In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade !
 'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
 It was stayed with sweet mercy, when "glory" was all !
 As calm in the council, as gallant in war,
 He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah !"
 In the path of the hero, with piety he trod—
 Let him pass with his hope to the presence of God.

* * * *

For the stars on our banners, grown suddenly dim,
 Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him.



Lines on the Death of Brevet Major General Hugh Brady

By D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD, of Detroit.

(From Mich. Pioneer Collections, Vol. 3, page 91.)

A woe is on the Nation's soul,
 And soldier hearts are sad and sore,
 As through the land the tidings roll—
 "Our gallant Brady is no more!"

Upon his strong and noble frame,
 The hand of Time had gently pressed,
 And vigorous youth still seemed enthroned,
 In all her pride upon his breast.

Through twice a score of weary years,
 His sword hung ever on his thigh;
 And down to life's last tranquil hour,
 He never passed a duty by.

In the red battle's fiercest blaze
 He bravely bathed his conquering blade,
 And, fearless, dashed against the foe,
 While war's fierce hail around him played.

His virtues, shining clear and bright,
 Have long adorned his honored life;
 And all his private walks and ways,
 With generous deeds, were ever rife.

The eyes of all who knew the Man,
 Read Virtue in his very name;
 And 'neath his bold and searching glance,
 Dishonor hid her head in shame.

But life, nor drum, no more shall wake
 The Warrior from his dreamless sleep;
 Life's battle fought—the victory won—
 His feet now press Fame's highest steep.

Then kindly wrap the Nation's Flag
 Around the Hero's honored clay—
 Fit shroud for Soldier such as he,
 Who knew no joy, save in its ray!

And manly eyes may weep today,
 As sinks the Patriot to his rest;
 The Nation held no truer heart
 Than that which beat in Brady's breast.

Detroit, April 15, 1851.



Tribute to the Memory of the late Major General Hugh Brady, U. S. A.

By MARY W. THOMPSON

He hath left
 A name and fame above the blight
 of earthly breath.

He fell not on the battlefield
 Where soldiers fain would die,
 (Such death for him was not decreed)
 Amid proud victory's cry,
 When sanguine hosts in conflict met
 In early war campaign,
 Heaven's mercy spared—no heart then mourned
 Our loved commander slain.

Along the line his falchion gleamed—
 His voice, like trumpet, stirred
 The metal in each soldier's breast
 Far as its tones were heard.
 On Chipp'wa's plain—in Lundy's fight,
 Where shot and shell fell fast,
 They bore him bleeding from the field
 Amid the victors blast.

For three score years his trusty sword
 Was belted on his thigh,
 And promptly was his hand on hilt
 When "Arms, to arms" the cry.

With virtues girt—and “full of years,”
 His venerable brow
 Encircled with bright honor’s wreath,
 On history’s page shall glow.

His duty done—in higher sphere
 He seeks a peaceful clime—
 Where earth-worn, ransomed spirits rest
 Beyond the change of time.

Brady! loved, honored, cherished name!
 (Son of a patriot born,
 Whose daring deeds our country’s page
 With thine, shall long adorn.)

Calm be thy rest, beloved old chief—
 We lay thee gently down,
 With saddened hearts we breathe Farewell!
 God give the “lasting crown.”



Death of James Brady

From Meginness’ Otzinachson, Page 545, &c.

After the exciting events described in the two preceding chapters, nothing unusual occurred until the 8th of August, 1778, when a party of Indians fell upon a number of reapers and cruelly murdered young James Brady. The circumstances of this tragic affair are as follows:

A corporal and four men belonging to Colonel Hartley’s regiment, stationed at Fort Muncy, together with three militiamen, were ordered to proceed to Loyalsock and protect fourteen reapers and cradlers who were assisting Peter Smith, the unfortunate man who lost his wife and four children in the massacre at the plum tree thicket on the 10th of June. His farm was on Bull Run, nearly three miles East of the present city of Williamsport, and on the North side of the river. It was the custom in those days of peril, when no commissioned officer was present, for the company to select a leader who was called “captain,” and to obey him accordingly. Young Brady, on account of his shrewdness, dash and bravery, was selected to take command of the party.

They arrived at the farm on Friday, and stationing a few

sentinels, proceeded to work. That night four of the party left and returned to Fort Muncy. Nothing unusual occurred during the night, and the next day they commenced work early. The morning was quite foggy, and they had not worked more than an hour before they were suddenly surprised by a band of Indians, who stealthily approached under cover of the fog. The sentinels discharged their rifles and ran toward the reapers. A panic seemed to seize the party and they all fled, with the exception of young Brady, who ran for his rifle, pursued by three Indians. When he was within a few feet of it he was fired at, but falling over a sheaf of grain the shot missed him. He immediately arose, and as he was in the act of grasping his rifle, he was wounded by a shot in the arm from an Indian. He succeeded in getting a hold of his gun and shot the first Indian dead. Then he caught up another gun and brought down a second savage, when the party closed around him. Being stout, active and brave, he fought them vigorously for a few minutes. Finally he was struck in the head with a tomahawk and almost immediately afterwards received a thrust from a spear, which so stunned him that he fell. He had no sooner fallen than he was pounced upon and his scalp ruthlessly torn from his head. It was considered a great trophy by the Indians, as he had very long and remarkably red hair. A little Indian was then called and made to strike a tomahawk into his head in four places. The Indians then hurriedly fled.

After recovering consciousness he succeeded, by walking and creeping, in reaching the cabin of an old man named Jerome Vanness, near the bank of the river, who had been employed to cook for them. On hearing the firing he had concealed himself, but on seeing Brady approaching him in a terribly wounded condition, he immediately went to his assistance. James begged the old man to fly for his own safety, as the Indians would probably return and kill him also. He refused to leave him, but proceeded to dress his frightful wounds as best he could. Brady then requested to be assisted down to the river, where he drank large quantities of water. He then begged Vanness to bring him his gun, which he did, when he laid down and pretended to sleep.

As soon as the news of the attack (See Vol. 6, pages 688-9, Pennsylvania Archives) reached the fort, Captain Andrew Walker mustered a party and hurriedly proceeded to Smith's farm. On

approaching the spot where the gallant Brady lay weltering in his blood, he heard the noise made by the relief party, and, supposing them to be Indians, immediately jumped to his feet, cocked his rifle and prepared to defend himself. Finding the party to be composed of friends, he requested to be taken to his mother at Sunbury. He was tenderly cared for, placed in a canoe, and a party started with him as rapidly as possible, down the river. On the way he constantly thirsted for water and finally became delirious. When they arrived at Sunbury it was nearly midnight, but his mother having a presentment that something had occurred, met the party at the bank of the landing and assisted to convey her wounded son to the house. He presented a frightful spectacle, and the grief of the mother is said to have been pitiable to behold. The spot where they landed is pointed out to this day in Sunbury.

The young captain only lived five days, which would make his death as occurring on the 13th of August, 1778. On the day he died his reason returned and he described with great minuteness the bloody scene through which he had passed. Early writers used to state that he declared that the Chief Bald Eagle had scalped him, and that his brother Samuel afterwards avenged his death by shooting Bald Eagle through the heart on the Allegheny. But this afterwards proved to be a mistake, as Bald Eagle had been killed nearly five years before, his body placed in a canoe and sent adrift down the Ohio. The unfortunate young hero was buried near Fort Augusta, and all trace of his grave was lost more than a century ago. He was deeply mourned for he was a great favorite with all who knew him.

After much careful investigation the exact spot where the tragedy occurred has been located. It was on or about the site now occupied by the saw mill of Mr. Ezra Canfield, a short distance above the mouth of Loyalsock Creek, and near where Bull Run, a tortuous little stream, falls into the river.

James Brady was the second son of Captain John and Mary Brady, and a younger brother of Captain Sam. Brady, the famous scout and Indian killer. He was born in 1758, while his parents still resided at Shippensburg, Cumberland County, and was in his twenty-first year at the time of his death. He came with his parents to their stockade home at Muncy in 1769, and was a participant in many of the stormy scenes of that period on

the West Branch, and during his short life he had a rough experience. General Hugh Brady, the youngest of the six sons, said that the boys "all lived to be men in every sense of the term, and at a period when the qualities of men were put to the most severe and enduring tests." Referring to his brother James he said: "James Brady was a remarkable man. Nature had done much for him. His person was fine. He lacked but a quarter of an inch of six feet, and his mind was as well finished as his person. I have ever placed him by the side of Jonathan, son of Saul, for beauty of person and nobleness of soul, and like him he fell by the hands of Philistines." The names of these six boys were Samuel, James, John, William P., Hugh and Robert, and there was but half an inch difference in their heights—all being about six feet.

Many anecdotes of the illustrious Brady family have been handed down, and one relating to James is worth noticing in this connection. John Buckalow, the son-in-law of Mordecai McKinney, was one of the early settlers at Muncy. They were all neighbors and friends of the Brady family. At that time the men wore long hair, plaited, and cued behind the head. James had a remarkably fine head of fiery red hair. "The young captain of the Susquehanna," with several others, was at the house of Mr. Buckalow one afternoon. Mrs. Buckalow "done up" Brady's hair. He was lively and full of humor at the time. While at work Mrs. Buckalow remarked: "Ah! Jim, I fear the Indians will get this red scalp of yours yet." "If they do," he replied, "it will make them a bright light of a dark night." In less than a week the noble youth fell beneath the cruel tomahawk and the savages had his scalp.



Sheriff John Brady, son of the noted Captain John Brady, was a great joker. He found a cannon near Fort Freeland and told Carl Ellenkhuyzen he would present it to him if he would take care of it. On cleaning out the mud which covered the muzzle two large blacksnakes came out, greatly to the horror of Ellenkhuyzen. He told Brady the circumstances afterward. "Why," said Brady, "they were my pets; I would not have lost them for \$100.00." And Ellenkhuyzen no doubt died in the be-

lief that he had let loose some playfellows of Brady.—Penna. Magazine of History, Vol. 5, page 488.

He was Sheriff of Northumberland county, Pa., from 1794 to 1800. He was one of the subscribers to the first Presbyterian Church in Milton, 1806.



William Perry Brady, Son of Captain John Brady's Son John

There are many descendants of the first family of this name on the West Branch, and they are widely scattered. The subject of this sketch was a son of John Brady, who was elected Sheriff of Northumberland County in 1794, and a grandson of Captain John Brady who was killed by the Indians near Muncy on April 11, 1779.

William Perry was born at Sunbury, Feb. 16, 1795. When quite a young man he commenced learning the trade of cabinet maker, and he was following it at Aaronsburg when the War of 1812 broke out. He immediately volunteered in Captain George Record's Company, marched to Erie, and remained there until their services were called for.

Commodore Perry, while making preparations for the memorable naval engagement which resulted in the discomfiture of the British, discovered that he had not a sufficient number of marines and he called for volunteers, and those indicated on the roll of 1813 responded. William Perry Brady was the first man to offer his services.

Before Commodore Perry sailed, General Hugh Brady, uncle of William Perry Brady, came to Erie, and through his influence succeeded in having his nephew made a purser's steward. He was attached to one of the smallest vessels which had to be abandoned during the battle and he was the last man to leave his gun. His shirt sleeves were shot away during the engagement. He took great pride in that shirt, and in after years showed it to his friends.

In 1846 he was elected Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the Pennsylvania State Senate, which place he retained until his death

at Harrisburg, April 4, 1864, aged 69 years, 1 month and 19 days. He was widely known for his genial disposition and great conversational powers, and to this day those who knew him at that time speak of him in terms of greatest respect.

For his gallant services on board Perry's fleet, September 10, 1813, he was honored by the state with a medal, which he sacredly treasured. It is still in the hands of some of his descendants.

William Perry Brady married Miss Rachel Mussina, daughter of Lyons Mussina, of Aaronsburg. She died December 8, 1849, and is buried beside her husband at Salona, Clinton county.—Megiunness' Biographical Annals of the West Branch Valley.

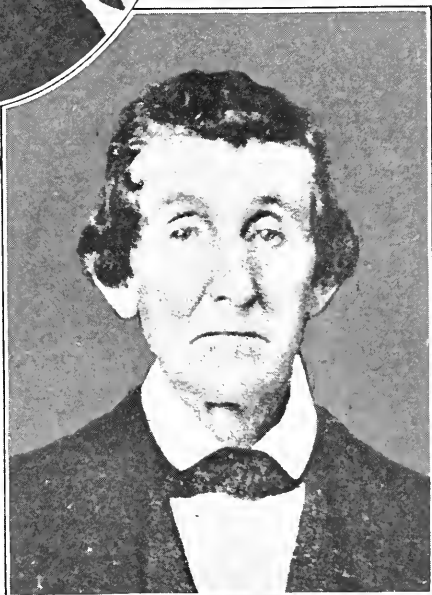


Samuel Brady, Son of Captain John Brady's Son John

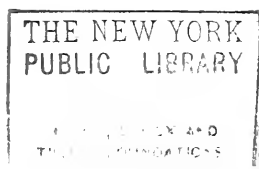
(From Linn's Annals of Buffalo Valley.)

Lieutenant Samuel Brady was born Feb. 22nd, 1793. At the commencement of the War of 1812 he served as a volunteer under Governor Edwards in a campaign against the Indians. They had one battle, defeating the Indians. Shortly afterwards he received a commission as Ensign in the 22nd United States regiment, commanded by his uncle, General Hugh Brady, and served in the unfortunate campaign under General Wilkinson. In the summer of 1814 he was attached to Gen. Brown's army, on the Niagara frontier. He was in the bloody battle of Lundy's Lane; a second lieutenant in the sortie from Fort Erie. He was the only platoon officer of his regiment that was not either killed or wounded in the former battle, and Major Arrowsmith was the only field officer of General Scott's brigade who was left on horseback. After peace was proclaimed Lieutenant Brady entered into an arrangement with Captain John Culbertson, a brother officer, to go on a trading expedition to the Rocky Mountains, supposing that on the reduction of the army he would not be retained in the service. He was retained, however, but thinking he could not, in honor, break his engagement with the Captain, he resigned. The Government declined to accept his resignation and sent him an unlimited furlough. His health, however, failed him, and he was

JASPER EWING BRADY,
CONGRESSMAN FROM PENNA
SON OF CAP. JOHN
BRADY'S SON JOHN



WILLIAM PERRY BRADY
OF LAKE ERIE FAME
SON OF CAP. JOHN
BRADY'S SON JOHN



advised to winter in the South. He went to New Orleans, accompanied by his friend, Lieut. Col. Trimble, of Ohio, and died there on the 17th of Feb. 1816, not quite twenty-three years of age. He was six feet five, and a remarkably fine looking man. His disease was hurried on by exposure in the Niagara campaigns, when he should have been in the hospital instead of in the field. In the *Sunbury Times*, of that year, there is an eloquent obituary by his friend Col. Trimble, in which he says: "In Lieutenant Brady's death the country has lost an intelligent and gallant officer, and myself a firm and disinterested friend."



Jasper Ewing Brady, Son of Captain John Brady's Son John

Jasper Ewing Brady was born March 4, 1797. He first learned the trade of hatter, and after traveling from place to place for two or three years, he settled in Franklin county. He there abandoned his trade, and taught school several years, meanwhile studying law. He was admitted at Chambersburg in 1826 or 1827, and there commenced practice. In 1843 he was elected to the Assembly and reelected in 1844. During the first session, although he represented an anti-improvement county, he offered an amendment to the bill to reduce the State tax providing for the assessment of a three mill tax, which redeemed the credit of the state. He was treasurer of Franklin county for three years. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, beating Hon. Samuel Hepburn some eight hundred votes. He was, however, defeated in 1848 by Hon. James X. McLanahan. The Whig loss in the Carlisle district was some two hundred votes. Mr. Brady was beaten only 167 votes. In September, 1849, he removed to Pittsburgh and practiced law very successfully until 1861, when he was appointed to a responsible position in the paymaster's department at Washington. He was removed in July, 1869, by Gen. Rawlings, then Secretary of War. He then resumed the practice of law at Washington, where he died.—Linn's Annals of Buffalo Valley.

In June, 1857, the following notes of a conversation had with Mrs. Mary Brady Piatt, daughter of Sheriff John Brady, aged 72, born in 1785, were taken down.

"My father was a brother of Sam Brady the Indian fighter. I saw him once. He was then on a visit to my father's at Sunbury. I went with them over to Northumberland. On the way over my father asked Sam if he could jump as well as ever. He said he could not, but coming to a high fence in a few minutes he sprung clear over it, with but little effort. "I never could do that," said my father. "You could if obliged to," said Sam.

"Sam killed three Indians after peace was declared, and a reward of \$300.00 was offered for his apprehension. Shortly after, he was sitting with a tavern keeper in West Virginia, when two strangers, Virginians, rode up, alighted, and asked for horse feed and dinner. They laid their pistols upon a table, near which sat Sam, rolling his rifle upon his knees. In the course of conversation with the landlord, they found out that he knew Brady, and that he lived in that region, and was very popular. They told the landlord that they had come to arrest him, and if he gave them assistance, they would share the reward with him. The landlord said they could never take him, nor could any one take him alive. They declared they could. "I am Sam Brady," said the man at the table. They were startled. They looked at him for a minute, and estimating his power, waived the attempt. After dinner they went to the table to get their pistols. Brady said they could not have those pistols, nor could the landlord's entreaty or their threats prevail. "Go back to your homes, and them Sam Brady took your pistols," was all the answer he made. He afterwards gave their pistols to his sons.

After awhile he delivered himself up for trial at Pittsburg. He was defended by James Ross. Brady laid the scalps on the bar. "There they are; I killed them." A great many women attended this trial, or rather men in women's clothes, ready to rescue him, if convicted; but there was no occasion for their intervention."

Mrs. Piatt, like her brother, the late William Perry Brady, remained a Federalist to the last. She said when Washington was burned, through the inefficiency of a granny President, her blood boiled, and she longed to go, that she might shoot at least one British invader.—From Linn's Annals of Buffalo Valley.

Battle of Chippewa

Camp at Fort Erie, West Canada, July 28, 1814.

Dear Sir: Blood, carnage, death, and destruction of men are the contents of this painful letter. On the 22nd, we had orders to reduce our baggage, allowing one tent to ten men, and two shirts to each officer. The surplus was sent across the Niagara, at Queenstown, where we then laid, to be sent to Buffalo. On the 24th we marched to Chippewa. On the 25th the enemy appeared on the heights, near the Falls of Niagara, two miles distant from our camp. At three o'clock we were ordered to parade. At five, or brigade, under General Scott, marched out. At six, the action commenced, when, great God! to tell the details from that time till ten o'clock at night is impossible. Could I converse with you for the length of time we were engaged, I could give you some idea of it, but to make an attempt will, doubtless, not be unsatisfactory to you. Our brigade fought a much superior force, under great disadvantages, for one hour and a half, and we were completely cut up, more than half the officers and men being killed and wounded, when the second brigade, commanded by General Ripley, came to our assistance. The enemy, at the same time, received reinforcements, which made the action again severe. General Ryall and a number of prisoners were, previous to this, taken by our brigade. Colonel Brady was wounded before we were fifteen minutes engaged, and commanded the regiment till the action was nearly closed. I assisted him off and on his horse during the engagement, when he was like to faint from loss of blood. We got possession of the heights, and kept them till we got off our wounded. The British made three different charges to gain them, but they were as often beat back. Our brigade made three charges, in the last of which we lost three officers of our (the twenty-second) regiment, our brave General Scott heading each charge. He was severely wounded in the shoulder near the close of the action. General Brown was also wounded. When we returned from the ground, there were, of our regiment, Major Arrowsmith, myself, and thirty privates, that marched into camp. The balance were killed, wounded, missing, and in camp. Colonel Brady can inform you that I was the only platoon officer of our regiment that kept the ground till

the last, and marched in with the men. For the satisfaction of your friends and yourself, I enclose you copy of our report of the killed, wounded and missing; likewise the officers' names who were in the action. Our wounded are at Buffalo in good quarters. Let me hear from you.

I am, yours sincerely,

SAMUEL BRADY,

Twenty Second Infantry.

Captain Bethuel Vincent.

N. B. Our total loss in killed, wounded and missing on that day must have been eight hundred. The British loss no doubt exceeded that, as General Ryall acknowledged that they were whipped when he was taken, and we fought two hours after that, and took nineteen British officers.

You shall see the report in my next. I wish you to show it to my friends, but it must not be published.—Linn's Annals of Buffalo Valley, pages 419 and 420.



Adventures of Capt. Samuel Brady

A story as related by Peter Grove, a man well known for his bravery as a warrior and hunter on the Susquehanna at an early day. (Originally printed in the Blairsville Appalachian, and afterward in John F. Meginness' Otzinachson in 1857.)

The old gentleman says, at one time when Grove called at my house for refreshment after four weeks' hunt up the river, I persuaded him to remain over night, which he did with a great deal of reluctance. His character was to be moving at nightfall, then it made no difference to Grove where he was.

In that evening's conversation I inquired of him if he had ever seen Captain Samuel Brady, of the Rangers. He rose from his seat; his eyes glistened with pleasure; his countenance evinced to me I had struck a string on which he liked to dwell. He replied, "Oh, yes! Poor Sam is dead, so they tell me," and seated himself, his countenance changing to a cast or two past its natural gravity to gloom and deep thoughtfulness. After

meditating for a short time he cast his eyes around the room, with quickness arose, put up his rifle, which was standing in the corner, placed it on the hooks, walked to the door, called up his dogs, gave them some food, and bade them go back to the canoe, which command they promptly obeyed. He then returned to the fire, then stirring it up, got his blanket and spread it upon the floor, and rested upon it with peculiar composure. "Yes," said he, "Mr. Porter, I HAVE seen Sam, (so I always called him, except in the presence of strange officers.) I could tell you of many of Sam's exploits, but one or two will suffice for the present evening. It gives me great pleasure to relate these things to a man that appears to take an interest in our welfare. The day was when we were all as brothers along these waters. I see a change, but I shall not have long to witness these unfriendly habits.

"I was well acquainted with John Brady, who was killed at Wolf Run—the father of Sam. Also with all the boys. John, the brother of Sam, was wounded at Brandywine, fighting by the side of his father, at the age of sixteen. James was killed by the Indians, and after the murder of Sam's father and brother there was ugly play between the Bradys and their friends, and the Indians.

"There was an uncle of Capt. Sam's whose name was also Sam Brady, and to distinguish them we called him 'Uncle Sam.' He was a man of the largest size and of great activity; a great friend to liberty, and he proved it, for many a red coat he gave a deeper dye, and many a lowering savage he laid low.

"It was him that taught the boys in their youth to run, jump, swim, shoot and all exercises that he thought would be of use in case the storm would burst that was then gathering over the country. It DID BURST, and Uncle Sam's country was rewarded for his pains, in the service of his nephews.

"Brave Uncle Sam! Long may you live! for you were a protector to the unprotected!

"I had been up through Pennsylvania on a hunt and look-out, and I discovered Indian signs, and from what I saw was convinced that there were Indians between the West Branch (of the Susquehanna) and the Juniata river. I returned with all speed to Buffalo (valley we presume) to communicate to Captain

J. Foster and others my suspicions that the Indians were working around us.

"On my way down I had discovered a man's track at different times, which astonished me, for I had taken a route I thought no man would have traveled, red or white, except ONE, and he was far distant West of Allegheny.

"I observed the size of the track, and the length of the step—a thought struck me. But it could not be!

"I found after I got into the valley, and on the path, that the traveler ahead had deviated from his path, which gave me great uneasiness, and caused me to quit the path and take another route through the woods.

"I called on Captain Foster and informed him of the discovery I had made. His countenance was fired in an instant. He was a brave, strong and active man, ever ready to perform his duty. His rifle was a fatal one to the enemies of his country. I have seen it so in many instances.

"The captain observed to me, 'Peter, Peter, I fear there has been sad work West of the mountains. The tracks you saw on the path coming down must have been the tracks of one of Brady's Rangers.' 'No, Captain,' I replied, 'there is no man living who would have taken the route I did but Sam himself.' 'They could have traveled by his direction,' said the captain. 'No, never,' I replied. 'Well, well Peter! we will not differ long; tomorrow we will know. So go to the top of the ridge and discharge your rifle three times. They (i. e. Foster's spies) will collect in a short time.

"I did as I was directed; and in a short time twenty of our men made their appearance. The captain informed them of the discovery I had made, so far as related to the Indian signs, but nothing in relation to his apprehension about the West. After he had given them their orders to keep strict watch about their houses for the night, and to be ready to march in the morning at a moment's warning, he dismissed them for the night,

"When they were gone the captain observed to me, 'Peter, we must go up to the Widow Brady's, and I think we will there find one of the brave fellows from the Allegheny river.'

"When we approached the house our path was crossed by a man whom the captain hailed in a low tone of voice. The man

advanced to us—but what was our surprise to find in him the brave Sam Brady.

“Our surprise I have not language to tell you. He accouttered as a hunter—his blanket on his back. He had just arrived, having been detained by avoiding the path, and hearing the shots I had fired so soon after my arrival at Foster’s. He and the captain walked aside, and after a moment’s absence, returned, and we made the best of our way back.

“I observed to Sam, ‘will you go to see your mother and children?’ ‘No, Peter,’ said he, ‘I understand they are well yet, and for their preservation I must be off.’ This brought tears to my eyes, and I cannot now relate it without weeping. To think of the hardships he had undergone, of his long absence, and widowed mother—her little fatherless flock, who had been made so by the merciless savages during his absence. Yes, sir, these scenes are now forgotten by many, but they are yet fresh in my memory, and while my heart beats I cannot forget them.

“We traveled back in silence, save that our brave Captain Foster’s feelings gave way, and he moaned aloud. When we got into the house, ‘Weep not, brethren,’ Sam observed to us, ‘it is better that my mother and the family should be ignorant of my being in this part of the country, for by tomorrow’s dawn we must be off, at least I, and one man, with your permission, captain.’ ‘Give us the news first from the West,’ replied Captain Foster, stepping up to Sam, and laying his hand on his shoulder. ‘And tell me,’ says I, ‘how old Uncle Sam is—or is he yet alive?’ ‘Yes, Peter,’ said Sam, ‘and spoiling a great many countenances in that part of the country.’ ‘We seldom hear of him,’ I said, ‘since you got a command.’ ‘You know, Peter,’ said Sam, ‘he always goes in a gang by himself, and picks those whom he knows to be leaders. You wish to have news? I have none, but that we are fighting whenever we meet, and we generally beat them.’

“The Indians have disappeared of late to the number of one hundred and fifty. They have some grand project in view, and my opinion is, it is a descent on this part of the country. This is a conjecture of my own, and has caused me to cross the mountains at this time. They have been informed of men having been drawn off from this section of the country; and by quitting the Allegheny in small parties, they expect to surprise you and

disappoint us. I crossed the trail of thirty west of the mountains; I crossed it again near the Standing Stone, and on this side of the Juniata. I am convinced of their leading to the 'Bald Eagles Nest,' but they must now be on the waters of the Juniata, hunting and refreshing themselves.

"The party I trailed is headed by two brothers—^young warriors of uncommon skill and bravery. I believe they were both present at the murder of my friends, and they have since sworn vengeance at me and my kindred. Since I was here Uncle Sam and I have caused their nation to bleed in its most vital parts.

"The Panther and the Blacksnake, who are the leaders of the party nearest us, are men of uncommon strength and action—first-rate rifle shots, that seldom fail at two hundred yards. The Panther and the Blacksnake SHALL NEVER TASTE THE WATERS OF THE ALLEGHENY AGAIN!

"Two weeks before my departure for this part of the country. I was dogging them, and lay so close to their fires as to witness them go through the tragic scenes of my father's and brother's death. This induced me to think they were engaged in those murders. On the night I mentioned, I had determined to send the Panther to another world, but a squaw placed herself by his side with a papoose in her arms, and in such a position that I should have sent them along as company. But no blood but that of a warrior shall ever stain my skirts. It was hard to let them slip, for he boasted in his dance that the day would come when he would dance the death of Uncle Sam and I. So I determined he should fall by my hand. The Blacksnake danced the Susquehanna murders, and vaunted the exploits he would perform on his next visit. The death of my mother and children was threatened; after which I would weep through the woods, and he would take me prisoner; and how he would triumph over me.

"Blacksnake!—the day is not far distant when you shall coil around the pit of your own stomach, and vomit blood for the wolf and panther to roll upon!

"Sam cast his eyes upward, and with devotion I never before witnessed, called upon God, who had preserved his kindred and neighbors, to look down with an eye of mercy upon our devoted country. 'My brethren,' said he, 'it is in Him alone I confide for the preservation of our country. It appears to me Government has given us up as unworthy of its protection.'

“ ‘No, captain,’ replied Foster, ‘General Potter says that in a conversation he had with General Washington respecting the frontiers, General Washington remarked, ‘you have an army in Captain Sam Brady and his Rangers.’

“ ‘I hope,’ replied Sam, ‘they have a devotion not excelled by any now combating for the rights of man. Oh! may Liberty blossom! Her roots shall be watered by crimson streams! Her branches may yet flourish in the wilderness! Future generations may enjoy the fruits of our labors, and our names live in the memory of our countrymen. We have a warfare never before witnessed. Degenenerate Britons! why do you excite a savage people to acts that must draw upon them the vengeance of the living God!’

“ ‘We made the necessary preparations that night; Sam and I were to march as soon as he thought best.

“ ‘Before we lay down he asked me for my rifle. ‘Is she good, Peter?’ ‘Yes—no better!’ ‘Who owns the gun I heard the report of this evening?’ ‘You have her in your hand.’ ‘She will do,’ says Sam, handing her back to me.

“ ‘We lay down and Sam soon fell into a sound sleep; but I could not rest.

“ ‘About two hours before day Sam sprang to his feet with the nimbleness of a cat, crying ‘Arise, Peter, we must be off.’

“ ‘Captain Foster bounced from his bed with the force of a horse. ‘You come down heavy, Captain,’ says I. ‘It is the way I wake my family,’ said he. And it was not long till we had a proof of their early rising. Our breakfast was on the table in a crack; and a part of our treat was a cup of coffee, a thing which Sam had not tasted for six months. It made him speak; he had been silent from the time he bade me arise till we had placed ourselves around the hospitable board of our humane and gallant Captain Foster.

“ ‘I observed Sam’s countenance had a smile upon it. ‘You look pleased,’ said I. ‘And I am pleased,’ said he, ‘that you have yet some of the comforts of life with you in this country.’

“ ‘They are few,’ observed Foster, ‘but while we have them, we will not deny ourselves. I hope the day is not far distant when comforts will abound in this land; and though we may not live to see it, I trust in God our children will. Then, with the fullest confidence in His Providential care, let us thank Him for what we have.’

"After we rose from the table the captains laid their plans. They were to be secret with us. Sam and I were to go and kill some meat and have it collected for the party at a run in Penn's Valley called Elk Run; also at Spruce Creek, or a place called 'The Clear Fountains.'

"Foster was to start, after two days, with fifteen men and send the remainder up the river as far as the mouth of the Bald Eagle.

"Our arrangements being completed, we bade the little flock farewell. I observed that when Sam bade the lady of the house to be kind to his mother, he wept. And he wept not alone, for our hearts sympathized with his, and we all with one voice called on God to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless.

"I bounced out of the door and got into the path. Sam sprang from the door to the middle of the enclosure, and from thence over the fence into the path before me. I do believe the fence was eight feet high. He could spring like a panther and run like a buck.

"We got to Elk Run in time to dress a deer apiece. The next morning we killed five, and moved off in time to reach the Fountains that day. Here we hung up some meat, after which we took the scout.

"We soon found 'signs' after we got to the Juniata hills. We were to return to the Fountains and let Foster know as soon as we had discovered the lurking places of the Indians.

"When at our fire at night, Sam related to me some astonishing feats performed by him and his men. It was seldom he would speak of himself, he left that for others. He took great pleasure in relating the hair-breadth escapes of his brave companions.

"One evening while at rest we were disturbed by the screams of a panther. I wanted to go and kill it, but Sam told me, 'Peter, beware of that fellow—I HAVE HEARD HIS SCREAMS WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS.'

"He covered what little fire we had, and told me to follow him. We slipped through the woods in a different direction from where the panther was, and on the top of the ridge lay down. Sam slept sound until his usual time of awaking, which was about the time I generally fell asleep. But sleep was far

from my eyes, which he discovered. 'Peter,' said he, 'you are alarmed at the hints I gave you yesterday and last night.' (We had found some meat of a very fat deer, and I wanted to take a piece to cook for supper; but he forbid me, saying, never touch THEIR meat.) 'If you had eaten their meat you never would have seen this morning's sun rise. I lost two brave fellows, young men who had come on voluntarily to join us; they were from Virginia. In my precautions to them I neglected to charge them respecting the danger in eating the meat hung up by the Indians. It is a contrivance of the warrior Wamp, who is with this party. It would have proved a fatal thing to us, had I not discovered its effect on one of their own dogs and two wild cats that I found lying dead by the meat that they had hung up.'

" 'Blast me,' said I, 'but I will Wamp him to the d——l, if I ever get my eyes on him.' 'We will see, then, to-night,' said he. 'This day we must travel with the greatest precaution.'

"We struck into a run that lead into the river, in a winding direction, through the hills. We had not advanced far when we discovered meat hung up; we examined it, and found that it had been killed the day before.

"We then concealed ourselves in the laurel, and while in the laurel,' says Sam, 'I thought I was not mistaken in the Panther; he and some of his party have been to Sinnemahoning, and are now just returning. They are in this neighborhood, and they will be here for this meat to-day. We must dog them to their camp, and ascertain their numbers.

"I asked Sam why these devils delighted in murdering their old neighbors. 'They are encouraged by wicked men,' he replied, 'in the service of the King of England!' 'That can't be, Sam,' says I, 'the Indians have got to be devils in human shape. Oh, God! Little did I think, when Wamp lay sick with the smallpox that he would be so wicked. Your brother James and I killed his winter meat, for he was not able to hunt. We divided with his family, Logan and his squaw; also the Eagle and his people; and now he would poison me with what I gave him to keep him alive. Logan is true, but the Eagle is off.' 'Yes,' says Sam, 'he is out of sight, but not without marking Uncle Sam by shooting off the lower part of his ear. They were watching each other, and as Uncle Sam peeped around a tree, Eagle fired, but it was his last shot. The next moment he was wallow-

ing in his own blood—his head cleft with the force of the tomahawk.’

“ ‘I am determined to kill Wamp. You must kill the man I point out. And when with me in ambush, you must watch my motions,’ which I did. His countenance would tell me, without an order, when he desired to strike a fatal stroke.

“ ‘We espied three Indians coming; two squaws, and an old man, who was a camp-keeper. They had not got to the meat before I discovered that Wamp’s squaw was with them; which I told Sam. He told me there were twenty choice warriors he knew. ‘There must be about thirty. Their spies must be Wamp, Hawk, Muncy, Snow and Greatshot. They must fall first, and before they form a junction with the Sinnemahoning party they will be but few.’

“ ‘We watched their movements, and in the evening discovered their fire. They thought themselves in perfect safety; their fires were brisk, which is a thing uncommon.

“ ‘After looking at them from the top of a hill, Sam observed, ‘Providence is smiling upon us—a good light for us, but bad for them.’

“ ‘While they were yet moving about the fire Sam told me to ‘come on.’ ‘Won’t you wait till they lie down?’ said I. ‘No, now is the time,’ said he, ‘follow me.’

“ ‘We advanced to a tree top, and there we stayed till we had counted every man, and Sam told me the name of every one. The Panther he particularly pointed out. Also the Blacksnake. We saw them step to the fire together; and two better proportioned men never stepped the earth. ‘Now,’ says Sam, ‘we could drop them.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘let us do it. Give me the right hand fellow, and I’ll insure he’ll bounce into the air ten feet.’ With that they wheeled off. ‘Their time is not yet,’ said Sam. ‘There comes the Panther, with his rifle. Peter, draw on that warrior that is resting his arm on his gun; THAT IS WAMP. Hold, Peter, that old man will save the Panther once more. I will let him go; it would be too nice work, through the blaze of that fire, to graze the old man and kill the Panther. Make ready, and fire!’

“ ‘I saw them both bound and light in the fire. In an instant the war-whoop was ringing through the hills. Sam held me by the arm for the space of a minute, then dropped down; I did the same, and twenty bullets whistled over us.

“We bounced to our feet; they were all in a bustle. ‘Now Peter, follow me, and load as you run.’

“We had not gone a hundred yards when Sam stopped and bade me run in a line with the North Star. I went a short distance and halted. In a few minutes Sam rushed by me with the speed of a frightened deer. I took after him, but soon found my error in not obeying his order. He was out of hearing in a crack, and the warriors at my heels. I thought I could run with any man, but that night I was convinced how inferior I was to my savage pursuers and my brave leader. They were coming up fast when I heard a whoop ahead (not like Sam’s) which induced me to believe I was surrounded. There was no reply to the whoop; and this created in me strange thoughts. I turned from the course and lay down by the side of a large tree that had fallen out of root. I had just got placed when four warriors bounded over the body of the tree within a few feet of my place of concealment. They rushed through with the force of elks and the swiftness of arrows. Soon after they left me I heard the report of a rifle, which I feared had laid my brave leader low. But soon after I heard the strange whoop, at a greater distance, and I was induced to believe that Sam whooped in that strange way to deceive the Indians in his race; to let me know that he was safe and that he considered me so. The shot they fired was to lead him to think they had killed me, and by that means to get him to risk his life for his companion.

“In an hour they returned from the chase and passed within fifty yards of where I lay. I understood their talk, and heard them say they thought we were from the mouth of the Juniata; that we had some place appointed to meet in the night, and would then take the right course for home.

“When they got by me a little they halted. The talk was then as to which course I had taken. They concluded it was the swiftest runner they had neared so fast, and that I only then laid out my strength at that place.

“After they had disappeared I got up and steered the course Sam had directed; but had not gone far before I met Sam. He complained of my not obeying his orders. I told him I had thought I could run as fast as him, or the Indians, but I was convinced that I couldn’t. ‘No,’ said Sam, ‘neither is there a man living that can beat me running through the woods. Peter, I

would be doubtful of your speed in daylight.' 'Fear not, Sam, I will obey you after this; and would like to try them fellows tomorrow night again.' 'We will let them rest tonight,' said he, 'tomorrow we will try them again.'

"We then went to hunt a place to rest ourselves and prepare for tomorrow's work. We had not traveled far until we found a place every way calculated for our purpose. We then examined our arms. I repaired my moccasins, and after refreshing ourselves we returned to where we had a view of the enemy.

" 'I think, Peter, I sent the HAWK after the EAGLE.' 'Yes, Sam, and WAMP has accompanied him.' 'They fell in the fire, which was in our favor. I knew they would do so from the positions they stood in. You should never attempt to load or run when we fire upon them as we did tonight. The first thing they do, after the report of the gun, is to give the war-whoop; there is then a few minutes' meditation with them; they then direct their pieces for where the flash was. Therefore it is better, after night, to stand in ambush and shoot. You can have a better view of them and who they are; you can discover when they raise their rifles, and then, as we did tonight, drop to the earth, and you are safe from that round. The instant the report of the guns is heard, bounce and be off. You then have the advantage of the smoke between you and them; and also the confusion of re-loading their guns, which will be heard above the sound of your feet. By observing these rules I have picked out five choice shots in one night. We got through well tonight; but I was determined the Panther's earthly career should be at an end tonight, if he joined pursuit, which he did. I passed you without observing where you stood, and that ruined my calculations. I thought you were ahead, until I ran as far as I thought you could have reached, taking your speed into consideration. The whoop I gave was to let you know I was ahead and safe. You say it is a strange one to you. It is the way they mimic our young warriors, and was such as they would not take for mine. They will think I was a young hand, and the other they will take for you, when they see your tracks where we crossed the run.'

"We both fell asleep, but before day Sam waked me up. We moved to a more favorable position to watch their motions, and at daylight we saw them packing their things for a move.

"My heart was wrung to tears with the cries of Wamp's

squaw. But after considering that we had always treated Wamp as a brother, and that he would conduct a party to destroy his old neighbors and best friends, the companions of his youth, (for we had often hunted with Wamp) I did not regret his death. I well knew she would soon forget poor Wamp, and find a companion in the person of some other warrior.

"They moved off as we expected in a direction for the Eagle's Nest.

"After they had got out of view, we took a circuitous route and got to a spring which we expected they would refresh at. After we had got ourselves fixed, Sam inquired of me how far I thought we were from the Clear Springs. I told him, 'not more than eight or ten miles.'

"After sitting silent for a short time, Sam observed to me, 'If you are willing, Peter, we will take a shot at them here, win or lose.' I told him I was. He then gave me his commands, pointed out the course I was to run, and stated what he thought the distance would be, which was one hundred and fifty yards.

" 'Now, Peter, this will be quick work. They have but two guns that can hurt us above one hundred and fifty yards, so you may see we have twenty-five yards to gain before we are safe from their shortest shots. We will drop the Panther and the Blacksnake, but you must shoot the man I point out, be he whom he may.' I told him I would be particular.

"They soon made their appearance, descending the hill to the spring.

"The Panther lead the way, terrible in appearance. Their step was hurried and unsteady, which proved their uneasiness of mind, and anxiety to join their brethren.

"We heard the Blacksnake say as he came up, 'Will not delay long here; tomorrow night we must be with —— Jacket's party.'

" 'You see that man that is talking?' 'Yes, I do.' 'That is your mark. The signal will be the pressing of my foot against yours; when it stops the trigger must go. Hold, Peter! The Panther is preserved again; the papoose is on his lap, and the squaw holds his gun. He must again slip. I have his brother,' and with that, off goes our rifles, and we to our heels.

"I lead the way, which raised my pride. I was determined Sam should not pass me. I never looked behind until I had

made not only twenty-five yards, but five hundred, good measure. I then looked down the hill and saw Sam coming, bounding over the bushes with the ease of a buck, and at least two hundred yards behind me.

"I could not help but laugh to see Sam coming. But my laugh was soon changed by the appearance of the whole party (excepting the two squaws and an old man, who remained with the children.) They came like as many wild horses.

"One was advanced far ahead of the rest, and I thought it was best to be off, if I wanted to keep the lead and save my credit. When I got to the top of the hill I turned round and discovered that they were coming up with me, fast. I heard them holla, 'Petey, Petey, Petey,' which was the name they had for me. I dashed down the other side of the hill from where they were, and when I thought I had made my distance again, I halted. I looked back, and to my surprise, spied the Panther on the ridge, not three hundred yards from me, and Sam was out of view.

"The first thought that struck me was that Sam had met his fate; and I had just determined to await mine, and avenge his, by the death of the Panther, when I heard the report of Sam's rifle. I saw the Panther bounce into the air and beheld Sam run up to him and speak for a moment. Then he snatched up his rifle, and with the speed of the eagle's flight he passed me. The Indians in an instant sent a volley of balls after us, and in an instant after, it was returned by the brave Capt. Foster and his party, who rushed by like hungry wolves. Then it went helter skelter; crack after crack we had it from behind the trees. But the Indians had to turn out and receive the messengers of death; for Sam, ever ready and thoughtful, had connected a fire round and got between them and their baggage. It was then the Indians gave way to despair, and rushed through the woods for life.

"We found ten on the ground, besides Blacksnake and Greatshot, whom Sam and I had shot at the spring.

"We found the Panther dead, but the Blacksnake was yet alive, and VOMITING BLOOD. We took the old man and squaws prisoners, whom Captain Foster released. We made all dead shots that day.

"The Indians were buried as well as we could bury them. Our men all escaped with sound hides.

"I shall always think Foster and Sam had laid the plan to

meet at the spring. But Sam told me, after the battle, that the Captain had got uneasy about us. He had heard the reports of our guns the night before.

"The men told me the captain had been absent the night before. As it was, we had defeated the Indians, which was all we desired.

"I well remember the looks of the Blacksnake, an old man. When Sam stepped to them, the Chief looked with astonishment; with a sullen composure he named 'Sam Brady,' and departed.

" 'He is gone,' said Sam, 'to appear before that bar where his brethren and I will have to be judged for the deeds done in the body.'

"Sam examined the prisoners' stock of provisions, which he did not consider sufficient to last them to where they could be provided for. He added of ours to their stock until he thought the supply amply sufficient. He then told them if they would go to one of the forts and remain until a treaty was made, they would be well treated; but if they did not, they must expect great difficulties before they again found their people. He gave the old man a rifle and plenty of ammunition, and he bade him travel for Chinklecamoose. We then marched for the Nest (Bald Eagle's) and reached it by ten o'clock at night.

"The Indians were far ahead of us, and our rest was but short; we were kept on the move by that industrious warrior, Sam. By ten o'clock the next day we were on the waters of Panther Run—now called Beech Creek.

"After we had crossed the creek, Sam, Bob Lyon and myself started on; we went at a quick pace and found, by signs, that we were coming up with the Indians.

"At nightfall we went to the highest peak near us; from thence we could see the fire of our party far behind us, and that of the enemy before us about three miles. We saw another light in the direction for the Sinnemahoning. Also a glimmering light on the ground about a mile from the furthest light, and to the left of our line of march. Sam appeared to observe the small light particularly. He was silent for a long time. At length he arose and told us we would go nearer the first Indian light.

" 'There are,' said he, 'two Indian lights before us; the small light has disappeared; I suppose it was a star.'

"We went within half a mile of the Indians fire, and to

where we had a fair view of them. 'There were but five of them and they were all standing up.' 'It would be hard to get a shot at them tonight,' said Sam; 'they are keeping a sharp watch, and will soon be off to the bush.'

"We lay down. I looked in an hour afterwards—there was a large fire, but the Indians had disappeared.

"Lyons observed this and wakened Sam, and told him we had better go down to the fire, it would be more comfortable.

"'If we do,' says Sam, 'we will perhaps find ourselves placed alongside of a fire before morning that will not feel any better than these cold rocks.'"

"In the morning we started by sunrise and had not advanced far when we discovered a man descending a hill in front of us. Sam asked me who would be the spies from the other party. I told him I thought Peter Vincent would be the only man out from that party, and that must be him. He was much surprised to meet Sam, as all the party were the day before.

"He informed us that the Indians were collecting at Upper Youngwoman's Creek; that there were some hunting on the Sinemahoning, and up Kettle Creek; that their party were waiting at Muncytown until they could hear from us.

"'You have had a brush with them, I think, from their movements,' said Vincent. 'I saw ten this morning who appeared to be limber in their joints; they walked slowly and in silence, as if they thought the race was over, and they were mourning their departed friends.'

"Vincent hated them beyond my power of expression.

"We were soon led off by Sam at a smart gait, and in a different direction. In about two hours we reached a run that formed a gap in one of the many mountains in that part of the country. We climbed up the side of the mountain next the run. We had just placed ourselves to take a view, when Vincent spied them—told us he saw them, and pointed to the direction in which he saw them coming. Sam led off and descended the mountain to where he thought they would pass. We then got our orders, and placed ourselves in ambush.

"The direction we were to run, if there were more than twelve, was down a descent and along a deer path which wound around the side of the mountain. If there were twelve or any number below it, we were to take trees which we had picked out

—every man knowing his tree. After the second fire we were to close with the Indians.

“I noticed Lyons looking at the stock of his rifle very attentively. Says I, ‘Bob, is there anything wrong with your gun?’ He had fallen that morning and I thought he had cracked it. ‘No,’ said he, ‘I am looking to see how it will do to club with. I have had two hard races in consequence of breaking my gun in these d——d closing scrapes.’

“We took our stations and they soon came; but to our surprise they were fifteen in number. They moved in the utmost silence within seventy yards of us. Vincent was next to Sam, and I was next to Vincent, consequently Lyon was to take the ninth man. The pressure of the foot was from Sam; it continued for the space of a minute, when off goes our rifles, and we to our heels.

“I was again in the lead, and before I heard a shot from the enemy I was two hundred yards around the side of the mountain. I looked around and saw Lyon at my heels, bounding like a Conestoga horse. Vincent was a short distance behind him, and Sam was hid from me by the mountain, as I supposed; he always would be hindmost, and generally stayed till he saw what they would do.

“By turning my head to look, it caused Lyon to look around also and brought me so close to the body of a tree which lay across the path, that when I jumped the toe of my moccasin touched a knot on the body of the tree, and I fell across the path and out of Lyon’s sight. When he turned his head I was gone. He sprung over the log and lit fair on my shoulders; he lost his balance and fell with his head against the root of a tree.

“In the meantime Vincent came on; he cleared me, but Bob in his struggle threw up his leg, which Vincent’s foot took, and he went cantering down the mountain like a bear, on all fours.

“I was not able to rise for some time, and when I did rise to my seat, I saw Bob getting up and rubbing his head with both hands, and with a rueful countenance he says, ‘Grove, what made you lie across the path?’ With this Vincent came up in a terrible rage, saying, ‘And what the plague did you trip me for? I saw you laughing as I ran by you.’

“‘You are d——dably mistaken, Vincent,’ said Bob. (They were both hard swearers, and Vincent was a man of quick and

violent passion.) 'Come,' says I, 'this is no time to wrangle; let us be off, or the Indians will be upon us.' 'Darn them, let them come,' says Lyon, 'they will find the work half done with me, for verily I believe my skull is cracked.' 'It was darn thin,' said Vincent, 'ever since I knew you.'

"At this Sam burst out laughing. I thought he would never get over it. He had seen Vincent take the pitch, and concealed himself, knowing Vincent's temper.

"'It must have been Bob's grinning with pain in his head you took for laughing, Peter', said he to Vincent. 'I don't know,' said Vincent, 'but one thing I do know; I took a darned hard fall from his foot.' We were soon reconciled.

"The Indians took off, leaving their dead—four in number. We laughed about an hour; and I have often laughed out when by myself, when this came into my mind.

"We returned, but had not traveled far before we met our party, which had been fired upon by one of their spies, but no harm was done. Capt. Foster would not let our men pursue, for fear of being ambushed.

"We encamped and set our watches. This was the first night Sam and I had the benefit of a good fire since we left the Clear Fountains.

"Sam was a great quiz, and therefore we had made him promise not to tell our tumbling scrape to the party. But it was too good for him to keep. Vincent could not stand it so well as Lyon and I, which made Sam more severe on him. Vincent told Sam that he thought him a better warrior since he had been over the mountains. 'But,' said he, 'the older you grow, the darned sight bigger fool you are.'

"In the morning the watch told us they had seen lights on the river hill, and one that appeared at a great distance, and was soon out of sight. Vincent said he had observed that light the two preceding nights. There were many remarks about that light from the men; but I noticed that Sam and Foster said nothing about it.

"Sam, Vincent, Lyon and I started for the river. After traveling for an hour together we parted; Vincent and Lyon steered for Youngwomanstown, and Sam and I for Sinnemahoning.

"As we parted Sam said, 'Vincent, try and keep your feet.'

'I'll take care,' said Vincent, 'that Lyon don't take them if it comes to running.' Bob hallooed, 'this darned critter will tomahawk me tonight.'

"We struck the river between the mouth of the Sinnemahoning and Kettle Creek. The mountain is high. We sat down and took a view of the country, which is mountainous and broken. The mountains butt in close to the water's edge, with here and there a small bottom. The Indian path runs along the opposite side of the river from where we were seated. The country had a dreary aspect, beyond anything I ever saw.

"We sat in silence for some time. Sam says, after we had taken a view of things, 'Peter, it seems hard we can never leave the savages in peaceful possession of this country, which appears too rough and terrible to us, but so well adapted to their habits of life. It appears to me as if the Great Creator of the Universe, who provideth for all creatures, had formed this for their particular use; those small bottoms to raise their corn, the river their fish, and the mountains their deer.' 'Yes, Sam, and if they would quit murdering our families and friends, and stand by us in obtaining the object for which we are now fighting, they would find us brothers, and they might roam in safety through the land.'

" 'Now, Grove,' observed Sam, 'we will soon be within the range of some as brave warriors as ever stepped. We must proceed with the utmost care and if we are surprised do as you see me do; and my orders obey. If you are shot I will stand by you till you die, or die in your defence. But I will not cross that river until you promise me that if I fall by a bullet, you will leave me to my fate and risk nothing for me. Bear to my friends the tidings of my death; tell them I fell fighting for the rights of my oppressed country, and in defence of the unprotected inhabitants of Pennsylvania.' 'This is hard for me to do,' said I. 'I would rather stick to you to the last.' Sam replied, 'I will not cross on any other condition.' I made the promise, determined to stick to it, as I knew Sam was determined to stick to his to me.

"He then opened his wallet, from which he drew a bundle that he opened and spread upon a stone. He then painted my face and hands, and after he was done he handed me a small looking glass to see myself. There I was, a complete Indian, painted for war, with the mark of my tribe.

"I gave him the glass, and as quick as a cat could wash herself, Sam was painted. His mark was different from mine; he told me the meaning of the marks. We now ate some jerk, and prepared for a move.

"Sam looked down the mountain. 'Peter,' said he, 'here is the Rubicon'—he then looked up and down the river--'and, as Caesar said, 'the die is cast.'

"We crossed the river at a ripple near the mouth of the run, and on the path, and along the beach, we saw 'signs.' We rushed into the bushes, and put to the top of the mountain, to where we had a view of the surrounding country far up the run. Sam told me he had a camp far up this run.

"We avoided the path and all soft ground. Sam was in the lead, as usual, when four bullets went whistling past our heads, and rattled in the leaves far beyond us. Sam bounced into the air and fell as if to rise no more until the day of the resurrection—from what cause I know not. I was by his side and ready for the enemy. They came bounding like panthers, two abreast. I GOT THE TOUCH OF THE FOOT. Whang goes our rifles. The first two dropped—giving the death scream; in a crack we were engaged with the other two, whom we soon laid dead at our feet, and we were off for the Sinnemahoning.

"We had not run far when we heard whooping, which Sam answered, and made motions to these Indians which way their enemy ran. They took us for their own people. We continued our own course for a short time, till we were hailed again; we made no answer, but altered our course and traveled at a slower pace.

"Says Sam, 'This shirt that Mr. Foster gave me had nearly cost us our lives. The collar is too clean, which I saw when I looked in the glass; I intended to color it, but forgot to do so.'

"I looked at the shirt and saw that it was bloody. 'Sam,' says I, 'you are wounded, let me look,' which I did. He was grazed by a ball, but would not let me say it was a wound. Many a deep scratch Sam got, but would never acknowledge he was wounded, while I was with him.

"We struck the Sinnemahoning at the lead mines or 'copperas works', ascended the highest mountain in the neighborhood, and stopped for the night. We had shot a deer and cut out the rounds of it, and, by making a low fire among the rocks,

we feasted well. After our feast we put out our fire and moved away from where it was. Then we climbed into a tree for the purpose of watching for lights.

"We saw lights descending the Sinnemahoning, and reflections of lights on the river, (Susquehanna), up against the clouds. Also one light over on the run where we had the last skirmish. And north of that light we saw the faint glimmer, for a minute, when it disappeared, and we saw it no more.

"Sam heaved a sigh when the small light flashed; it appeared to me to be far above the earth, and caused me to think strange thoughts; but I trusted in Sam's spirit, and was not afraid. I asked Sam what he thought they were about. He said they would now collect in a body, and descend the river to murder and ravage the country, or re-cross the mountains to the Allegheny river.

"Sam named to me a chief (whom I will not now name) who he said was the deepest villain amongst them. He was cowardly, avaricious and cruel. He was well known as one of the murderers of his brother James. Had taken his scalp, and, owing to his cowardice, had lived to this day. Said Sam, 'many of the whites believe he is friendly inclined. He wears the mantle of peace before them; but I have seen his cloven foot. And if he ever dares to stand in battle where I am, he shall bite the dust, and know who caused him to do it. But he ever keeps a strong party of his warriors around him. He is more afraid of me than he is of the bad spirit. He knows if he ventures from safety Uncle Sam or I has him. Then he is lost to his people, though they should suffer famine.' We descended the tree and lay down to rest. Before day we were off, and soon came to the run where the Indians had fired on us the day before. We found they had started in the night. We kept west and north of their trail. We crossed the Kettle (creek) about three miles above the mouth, and by four o'clock we were on the highest land between Kettle Creek and Youngwoman's Creek. We pushed on with speed, also in different directions. We slipped through the bushes until we got to where we could count their number, which was one hundred and twenty-five.

" 'This is a fearful odds,' says Sam, 'what will be the number from Fort Augusta?' I told him about fifteen. Vincent told us Captain Coler was on Pine Creek when he left the party, for the

first scout; that Reed had killed two of their spies up the creek; and that the party would remain there until we sent them word.

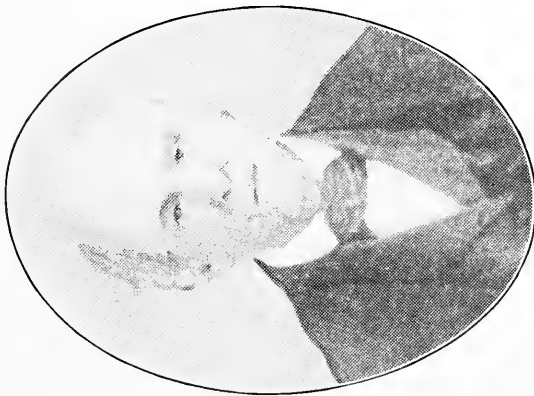
"Sam and I then lay down. About the middle of the night we got up, and all the fires were out. 'Now, Peter,' said he, 'they are for the other side of the mountain.' I told him I thought not. 'We will soon see,' said he.

"We traveled so as to intercept them or cross their trail by daylight, if they had steered for the Allegheny.

"At daylight we spied them. Sam told me we must get in front of them, which would be fast traveling. They went on at a quick pace. We put off, and soon got even with them. We were hailed by one of them that was on the scout. Sam stopped and looked at him, telling me to keep moving on. He soon came up to me. 'That fellow is deceived,' said Sam. With that we heard the crack of a rifle—another, and all was silent for the space of a few minutes.

"We stepped by the side of two trees that stood close together. We saw the Indian running to join his companions that had hailed us. I told Sam I could drop that lad. 'He will stop presently,' which he did, by a tree.

"We now heard the firing of rifles in the rear of the Indians. Sam took off, and I after him. We were hailed three times, which we both answered, without ever turning our heads. We stopped behind trees in line with the Indians, and in front. We waited until they were within one hundred yards, when I got the signal from Sam. We fired and kept our station. We heard two rifles go off on their left, and three on their right. The Indians halted; we reloaded and fired again. The Indians gave the war whoop, and the bark of the trees behind which we stood whistled round our ears. We wheeled to run, when we spied two Indians running for life. We made for them; they stopped, and in an instant they were laid low, but not by us. We wheeled again, and just in time to have a chance for our lives—three Indians, of uncommon size, were in the act of tomahawking us. I punched the muzzle of my rifle in the stomach of one, which caused him to bend forward, and with my tomahawk I laid him. One of the others bounded against me with the force of a wounded buck, which knocked me off my feet, and I lit on my knees. He was shot through the heart. Sam and a mighty warrior were standing with their tomahawks hooked, and * * * *



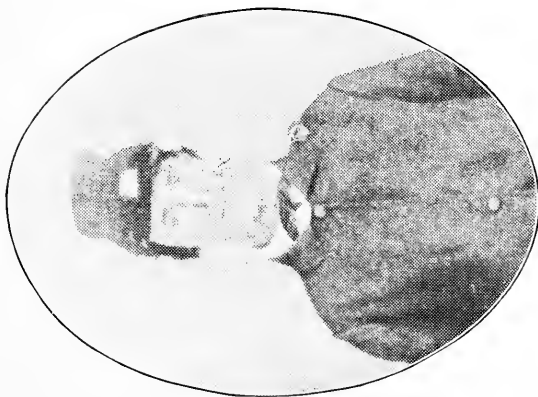
JOSEPH BRADY (1773-1866)
Son of the second Hugh Brady



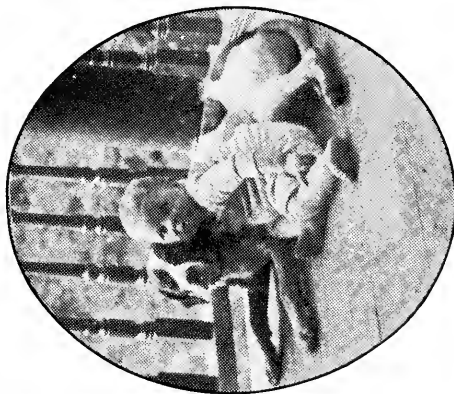
HUGH BRADY (1809-1890)
Son of Joseph Brady



DR. HUGH YOUNG BRADY
Son of Hugh Brady



SAMUEL ARMOUR BRADY
Killed during the Battle of the Wilderness



HUGH BRADY LONG



HUGH CHARLES BRADY
Son of Dr. Hugh Young Brady

(The manuscript is here mutilated. Three inches, or about twelve lines, are lost. At the top of the next page the narrative thus proceeds):

“ ‘Devil’—with that he tore the scalp off. I looked at Sam; his whole frame shuddered.

“In the meantime up comes Vincent holding up his arm with his hand full, saying, ‘here, Sam;’ with that Sam takes off, and Lyon tells Vincent, ‘you’re a darned hog.’ The latter replied, ‘hold your tongue, or by thunder I’ll skin them every one, and send their skins to the fort.’ ‘If you do,’ says Lyon, ‘I’ll shoot you the first time you come down to the Point.’ (Northumberland.) Uncle Sam and Vincent were great friends, and hated the Indians about equally.

“We now went to the river. We found the Indians’ canoes, which they had not destroyed. We remained four days. The second day Sam disappeared, and I never saw him again till after the war.

“I was walking down the street in Carlisle. I heard he was there. I spied a number of gentlemen coming up street. I knew Sam by his walk; he was walking alongside the brave and humane General Potter.”



John Brady, Son of Captain Samuel Brady of the Rangers.

John Brady was born May 24, 1790, near Wellsburg, Ohio County, W. Va., died Jan. 12, 1872, and is buried in the cemetery at West Liberty, West Va., where one monument marks his grave and that of his distinguished father; married Jan. 10, 1813, to Nancy Ridgley, of Ohio County, West Va., who died April 13, 1839. He was gifted in intellectual ability and held many positions of trust in his native state. He was esteemed an honorable politician, and served six years in the Legislature. His exemplary life and mental endowments drew to him a vast circle of admiring friends, who cherished his memory. He inherited the noblest traits of character, which gave him prominence as a man of thought and action. In the eightieth year of

his age he wrote to General A. B. Sharpe, of Carlisle, Pa., "Now sir, you ask me to give some account of myself. I was left an orphan at some little over five years, without any relative to pity or encourage me in the country, left in the wilds of West Virginia. My mother, brother and I had to hoe our own row. I scuffled until I became a pretty good looking young man, when I married a nice little woman, and lived happily with her until she died. Never expected to be anything but a tiller of the soil, but to my astonishment in 1825 I was appointed a member of the county court of my county, which position I held for thirty-one years. In the meantime I was appointed commissioner of the revenue for the county, the two offices not being incompatible. I held that office for three years. I was carrying on my little farm, was busy at my plow, went to my dinner, picked up the late paper, and to my utter astonishment I saw that at a large and respectable meeting convened in the court house, John Brady, Esq., was unanimously nominated as the candidate for a seat in the house of delegates. I did not accept the nomination until the Saturday previous to the election. There were four candidates and two to be elected. When the poll was counted I was fifty votes ahead of the foremost of the other three. I was three times elected, until I utterly refused to be a candidate. I was also high sheriff of my county. I have been a very temperate man, both in eating and drinking. I am in my eightieth year, and know nothing of the feelings of a drunken man. If this little sketch of my life will be of any use you can use it. It is true to the letter, but I give it to you with reluctance." (From Belle McKinney Hays Swope's History of the McKinney-Brady-Quigley families.)



The Bradys of Westmoreland County

Joseph Brady was a son of Hugh Brady, Jr., who had served in the Revolution, and married Jane Young, of Cumberland County. Joseph Brady was born in Cumberland County in 1773. He and his brother James left the Cumberland Valley and located in Ligonier valley, Westmoreland County. James soon

moved to Greensburg, as he was elected sheriff in 1795. He was a member of the State Senate for more than twenty years and in 1806 was Speaker of the Senate, and from May 11, 1821, to May 11, 1824, was Secretary of the Land Office. John F. Meginness in his "Otzinachson" says of him, "he was one of the most estimable men of his day. He was the first elder of the Presbyterian Church of Greensburg of whom there is any record. He appeared in Presbytery as an elder in 1802. In 1808 he and his pastor were elected delegates to the General Assembly. He frequently represented the church in the meetings of the Presbytery, and from the number of committees on which he served in that body, he must have been an active and useful member. His son, John S. Brady, Esq., of Washington, Pa., married the daughter of Park Campbell, Esq., but they left no issue, and Hugh Brady, his other son, died unmarried, but his daughters, Jane and Hannah, married Jacob and Henry Welty, of Greensburg, and they both had families. Among their descendants are Hon. Welty McCullogh, a grandson; Mrs. Rachel Armstrong and Mrs. Ann McClausand, children of Jacob and Jane Welty, and Mrs. Richard Coulter, a daughter of Henry and Hannah Welty." When James Brady went to Greensburg he opened a hotel and kept a general store. During the Jackson campaign he was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, and after his defeat he retired from active political life and devoted his attention to his extensive business affairs. He died in 1839.

Joseph Brady settled on a fine farm three miles northeast of Greensburg and one mile from Hannastown, and followed farming successfully until the infirmities of age compelled him to relinquish the active affairs of the farm to his sons, Abram and James. He died in 1866 in the ninety-fourth year of his age. He had married Barbara Reams, of Cumberland County, who survived him two weeks. They are buried in the cemetery at Unity Presbyterian Church. Joseph Brady was possessed of an excellent memory and furnished many facts relating to the older branches of the family to the younger members of it. Joseph and Barbara Brady were the parents of Jane Brady, who was born in Cumberland County and married Robert Brown; the other children were born in Westmoreland County, and were Hugh Brady, who married Sarah Mellon; Rachel Brady, who married James Cook, who died in the army; Hannah Brady, who

married David McLaughlin; James Brady, who married Matilda Madden; Abram Brady, who married Eliza Cook; Eliza Brady, who married William Means; and Susan Brady, who never married.

Hugh Brady, the oldest son of Joseph and Barbara Brady, married Sarah Mellon, and shortly afterward moved to McKeesport, where he remained until 1860, when, on account of the death of his brother Abram, he returned to Westmoreland county to take charge of the farm, and remained there until the death of his father. He died at Ohio Pyle, Fayette county, in the 84th year of his age, and is buried at Unity. Hugh and Sarah Mellon Brady were the parents of eight children:

Joseph McCune Brady, died of cholera in 1854.

Rebecca Jane Brady, married Frederick Long.

Samuel Armour Brady, killed at the Battle of the Wilderness.

Matilda Adeline Brady, married John Long.

Hugh Young Brady, M. D.

David Baldridge Brady, M. D., married Melinda Lash, graduated at Columbus Medical College, served in Battery L, 6th Pa. Heavy Artillery.

William Hill Brady, died young.

Thomas Mellon Brady, married Sarah Byers.

Dr. Hugh Young Brady, son of Hugh Brady, was born Jan. 12, 1841; graduated from the Western Pennsylvania Medical College (now University of Pittsburg,) served in Co. C, 54th Reg. P. V.; married Jane Gross, a descendant of Andrew Gross, who came to America prior to the Revolution and settled at Germantown, Pa. For forty years Dr. Brady has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession at Ohio Pyle, Pa. Dr. and Jane Gross Brady are the parents of Hugh Charles Brady, William Albert Brady, Mary Frances Brady and Sarah Mellon Brady, twins, the latter of whom died young; Ellen Barbara Brady and Annie Rebecca Brady, twins; Catherine Brady, who died young. Hugh Charles Brady is a telegrapher, and has worked on different railroads in the South and West and Pacific Steamship Lines, and for the last ten years has been with the B. & O. R.R. Co.

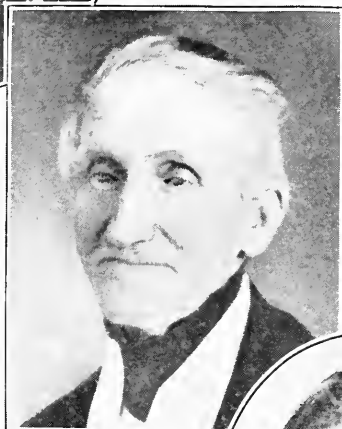


Samuel Armour Brady

Samuel Armour Brady, son of Hugh and Sarah Mellon Brady, and grandson of Joseph Brady, was born in Westmore-



*CAP. EVANS RICE EVANS BRADY
SON OF COL. HUGH BRADY*



*WILLIAM P. BRADY
SON OF CAP. JOHN BRADY*



*COL. HUGH BRADY
SON OF WILLIAM P. BRADY*

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

land County, and afterward moved with his parents to McKeesport, where he was engaged in the cabinet and undertaking business. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in Co. C, 11th Penna. Reserves, commanded by Col. Richard Coulter. He had previously tried to enlist in the three months' service, but was rejected on account of a defect in one of his limbs, due to white swelling. After several attempts he finally succeeded in enlisting in Col. Coulter's regiment, in which he served until after the second battle of Bull Run. During the action he was hurled with force to the ground by a ball or piece of shell which struck his musket. He lay exposed to the rain the following night, and was seized with hemorrhages. He was offered an honorable discharge, but declined, and after partial recovery was transferred to the ambulance corps, but after remaining in this department about three weeks, he took his discharge and came home. After a few months he seemed to have recovered and again enlisted in Co. C, 61st Penna. Vol., and was killed in the first day's fight at the Wilderness, May 5, 1864. His comrades had prepared a grave and marked a board, giving his name and regiment, but before they could bury him they were driven back by the enemy. Our forces regained the position the next day, and found that the Confederates had buried him, placing the marker at the head of the grave. He kept a diary and in it was found a record of his having been lost one night while on picket duty at South Mountain. In the morning he found himself near a large brick mansion at the foot of the mountain. As he was utterly exhausted he ventured to the house for relief. He found the occupants of the house were named Brady, and that they were related. They were secessionists, but blood was thicker than water, and they cared for him until evening and then put him into the Union lines. His brother, Dr. Hugh Young Brady, of Ohio Pyle, Fayette County, has made repeated efforts to locate this family of Bradys, but has been unsuccessful.



William P. Brady

William P. Brady was the fourth son of Captain John Brady, the noted pioneer, and was born in 1766. His father was killed

by the Indians near Muncy in 1779, after which his mother fled with her family to her friends in Cumberland County, where John and William P. were taken care of by friends of the family. William P. afterward came to Sunbury to live with his sister, the wife of Captain William Gray, under whom he learned surveying. After marrying a daughter of Colonel William Cooke, of the 12th Penna. Regiment of the Continental line, he moved to Northumberland. When the Whiskey Insurrection demonstrations extended to Northumberland County William P. Brady and his younger brother Robert were present at the raising of a liberty pole by sympathizers of the insurrection on Sept. 30, 1794, when William P. secured an axe and chopped the pole down. William P. Brady was afterward appointed one of the surveyors commissioned to run the lines and locate the various tracts of State lands that were being sold in the northwestern part of the State. He was assigned to a division extending from the New York State line southward through Clarion, Jefferson and Clearfield Counties to the southern line of the Indian purchase. Great quantities of land were sold and a stated commission was paid the surveyor by the purchaser for his services. The prime of his life was given to this work. He ran the New York State line as far as his district extended and his drawings are on file at Harrisburg. He bought up great quantities of State lands, for some of which he only paid twenty-five cents an acre, which afterward proved to be valuable coal land. He bought thousands of acres in Indiana and Jefferson counties, and induced many of his friends to take up lands. In 1805 William P. Brady and his brothers Hugh and Robert built a grist mill at Marion, Indiana county, formerly known as Brady Post Office. Hugh Brady said that the only relieving point in that backwoods existence was that they were away from "the insolence of wealth." William P. Brady continued to live in Indiana County until the time of his death in 1843. William P. Brady became a member of Lodge No. 22, Ancient York Masons, at Sunbury in 1790. He served as Worshipful Master of that Lodge in 1797, 1801 and 1807.



Colonel Hugh Brady

Colonel Hugh Brady, son of William P. Brady, was born Jan. 28, 1798, in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania; married Sept. 24, 1821, to Sarah Smith Evans, who was born July 3, 1802, at Sunbury, Pa., and who died Sept. 10, 1864, at Brookville, daughter of Evan Rice Evans and Sarah Wallis Evans. Col. Brady was an ardent patriot and politician and served as an aide, with the rank of colonel on the staff of Governor Johnson. He studied law and practiced at Brookville. His intelligence and force of character made him popular with his friends. As a lawyer he was shrewd and handled difficult cases with judicious care and tact.



Captain Evan Rice Evans Brady

Captain Evan Rice Evans Brady, son of Col. Hugh Brady, was born March 6, 1823, at Indiana, Pa., and was married Jan. 28, 1845, to Frances A. McGee. He served one term in the Pennsylvania Legislature and one term as treasurer of Jefferson County. He was Captain of Company K, 11th Penna. Reserves. His time had expired the day before the battle of South Mountain, but knowing that a battle was imminent he refused to leave and went into the battle at the head of his company and was killed with his discharge papers in his pocket, Sept. 14th, 1862. A newspaper man who knew Captain Brady told the writer that he had the most remarkable memory of any man he ever knew. He said he could read over a column in a newspaper and then repeat it word for word.



Major Robert Gray

Major Robert Gray, who married Hannah Brady, daughter of Captain John Brady, was a nephew of Captain William Gray, and was born in Ireland. After the Revolution William Gray sent for him to come to this country and live with him in Sun-

bury. He afterward married Hannah Brady, a sister of Mrs. William Gray. He was made the first postmaster of Sunbury, Jan. 1, 1797; he then served several years as Deputy Recorder of Northumberland County. When the War of 1812 broke out he was made a Captain in the 16th Infantry on April 14, 1812, and was promoted to Major in that regiment on August 15, 1813. He was Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 22, Ancient York Masons, at Sunbury, in 1808, 1809 and 1812. After retiring from the army Robert Gray lived a retired life in Sunbury. His name frequently appears in public matters.

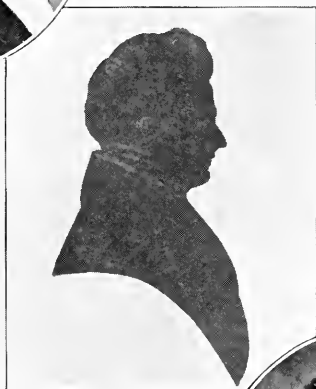


Captain William Gray

Captain William Gray, who married Captain John Brady's daughter Mary, was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1750. His father was a linen manufacturer. William Gray, being the youngest son and not participating in the distribution of his father's estate came to America on reaching his majority. A short time before the Revolution he settled in Sunbury, where he followed his profession, surveying, and where for a time, he kept a general store. In the early part of 1776 he was made Captain of the Second Company of the Second Battalion of the Local Militia, and on the 15th of March, 1776, was commissioned First Lieutenant in Captain Weitzel's Company of Colonel Miles' Regiment. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, and on the 8th of December following was exchanged for Lieutenant Thompson, of the Twenty-sixth British Foot. He was promoted to Captain in the Fourth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line on January 3, 1777, and continued in active service until January 1, 1781, when he returned to Sunbury. Captain Gray was prominently identified with the history and development of his town and county. In 1778 he accompanied General Sullivan's expedition and his draft of Col. William Butler's march and a letter to Robert Erskine are printed in the Penn'a Archives, Second Series, Vol. 15. He was made paymaster of the County Militia in 1781, collector of excise in 1783, and deputy surveyor in 1791; he was auditor of Augusta Township in 1787 and overseer in 1791; in 1796 he was one of the trustees appointed to



MARY BRADY, WIFE OF
CAP. WILLIAM GRAY,
AND DAUGHTER OF
CAP JOHN BRADY



MAJOR
ROBERT GRAY



LIEUT. WILLIAM M. GRAY,
SON OF MARY BRADY GRAY

purchase a school house for Sunbury. Captain Gray was a Presbyterian and in 1787 he and Abraham Scott, representing the congregation of Sunbury, united with the representatives of the Northumberland and Buffalo congregations in extending a call to the Rev. Hugh Morrison, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Root, Ireland, who had been admitted to the Presbytery of Donegal in 1786; this call resulted in the establishment of the first Presbyterian church in Sunbury. He was a member of the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, and was made a Mason in Royal Arch Lodge No 3 at Philadelphia during the Revolution. He first appears in Lodge No. 22 at Sunbury as a visitor on August 31, 1781, and on Jan. 7, 1784 was elected a member of that Lodge. He was elected Worshipful Master of the Lodge Dec. 27, 1784; Dec. 27, 1791; June 24, 1793; Dec 28, 1795; Dec. 27, 1797; June 28, 1798, and Dec. 27, 1799. He was an enthusiastic Mason and some of the meetings of the Lodge were held in his house, which was a large two-story log house which stood at the southeast corner of Second and Walnut streets. The tax records at Sunbury show that in 1795 he was assessed as the owner of 750 acres of land, 60 town lots, 5 horses, 1 house and lot and one slave. Captain Gray was drowned in the Bloody Spring, near Sunbury, July 18, 1804; he had been working in the harvest field and sustained a stroke of apoplexy while leaning over drinking from the spring.

In her history of the McKinney-Brady-Quigley Families, Belle McKinney Hays Swope says of Mary Brady Gray, "She was the oldest daughter, and naturally the younger members of the family were dependent upon her. After the death of her father she gave to her mother the tender ministrations of a strong affectionate character. After her mother died she married soon, and the bride and groom took the younger brothers and sisters to their new home at Sunbury, where they remained until they married. General Hugh Brady was the exception. He lived with Captain Samuel Brady, whose home was in Washington County, until he was commissioned ensign in Gen. Wayne's army in 1792. In girlhood Mary Brady was very good looking, had good features, blue eyes, a well shaped nose and perfectly poised head. She was aristocratic in her ideas and dignified in appearance. Her health until her death was excellent. At sixty years of age she walked to Sunbury from Mahanoy City, a distance of twenty-five miles, and was not exhausted.

Her erect carriage was noticed even in her old age. Some one remarked to her, "Oh, how straight you are." To which she replied, "Did you ever know a Brady to stoop?" To her children the visits of their Uncle Sam Brady were notable events in their lives. She allowed him to follow his eccentric ideas in her home and always heartily welcomed him to her fire-side. He called her Polly, and showed her the warmest affection. She was fifteen years old when her father was killed and had a vivid recollection of the stirring events of that time. She is buried in Sunbury. Her sister Jane, twin sister of Gen. Hugh, never married, and was familiarly known as "Aunt Jenny." She started the first Sunday School in Sunbury. In her later years she was deaf and had a love for good literature. When she was young she was gay and fond of sports, played ball with her brothers and greatly enjoyed their amusements and society. Her death was the result of an accident. She was on her way to visit a poor sick woman, when she fell and dislocated her hip, and did not recover from the injuries she sustained.



William M. Gray

William M. Gray, son of Captain William and Mary Brady Gray, was born in Sunbury in 1792. At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he and his brother Jackson, who afterward became a prominent actor in New Orleans, enlisted as privates in Captain William F. Buyer's Company. He was afterward promoted to Lieutenant. After the war he returned to Sunbury and engaged in merchandising. Here he resided until the time of his death in 1858. In 1830, 1831 and 1832 he served as Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 22, Ancient York Masons. He organized the first Lutheran Sunday School in Sunbury on July 4, 1841, with 106 members, and was chosen its first superintendent. He married Elizabeth Watson and they had one son, P. W. Gray, (1816-1894,) who was a merchant in Sunbury. P. W. Gray married Margaret Frantz, a great granddaughter of Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter. They had six children, three of whom died in childhood. Margaret Gray, one of the daughters, is married to Thomas A. Murdock of Milton.

Letter to Mary Brady Gray from Her Granddaughter Harriet Seely, Afterward Mrs. George M. Totten

Washington, Jan. 6th, 1836.

Dear Grandma:—

Knowing you will be pleased to hear how we are figuring in this great city, I have seized this morning to write you an account thereof. First, however, I must tell you of our journey. We (Aunt & myself) left home on Sunday night a week under the charge of Judge McLean of New York, and my friend Engineer Totten, who, being detained in Philadelphia on business until Saturday, only reached us in time to spend a few hours in Carlisle, and then set off with us. We went by Chambersburg, Hagerstown & the Frederick Railroad. At H. I was called on by several of my friends, but being fatigued had retired early. On Tuesday evening we arrived in Baltimore, took an elegant suite of apartments at Barnums, spent that night and part of the next day in style, and then took our departure in the cars for this place, which we reached at noon, & where we found Mr. Vethake awaiting our arrival. We have pleasant boarding at a Mrs. McKnights where we shall remain for a few weeks longer.

The evening after we came I attended a party at Governor Cass' with Mrs. Totten and Col. Lane of the House of Rep., a real old Indiana beau. The party was a perfect squeeze, upwards of 600 persons. I was introduced to all the grandees; Genls. Scott and McComb were all attention; Martin Van Buren very civil I assure you, and the Secretaries wives as polite as could be. On Friday we attended the President's levee (New Years,) and had a long chat with the Genl., to whose family we had letters from the Elliots. We talked of Uncle Hugh, and Hickory lauded him to the skies—here were all the foreign Ministers in Court dress, officers in uniform & every person in splendour. The Palace looked magnificent. Van Buren again was particularly polite, said he had been looking for me that morning & paid me some very pretty compliments. The Genl. hoped to see us frequently and sociably. The ladies (Mrs. Donalson and Jackson) were splendidly dressed, but when I see you I shall say how. Here I figured about with Mr. Davis of Indiana, a member, Genl. Anthony, Mr. Miller, our Rep., Mr. T., and a young officer in full uniform, Lieut. Reed. Genl. Scott I saw again & had a kind shake of the hand. Levee over, our party promenaded Pennsylvania Avenue until dark, and then with a Georgetown party we attended the Theatre, where I saw Reeves as Paul Pry. I was disappointed. Next morning T. and myself rode to call at Cass.' We did so and left our card. Aunt would not go but stayed at home to see company. We that morning had nine cards left. Saw Mr. Buchanan, Mrs. Col. Gardiner, Mrs. Hobby (Post Office people,) Mrs. Genl. Gratiot, Mrs. Williamson &c. &c. &c. Pretty well! Sunday went to Church in the Capitol, a good sermon by Mr. Higby, an Episcopalian. Afternoon had company. Evening ditto. Monday morning went to Capitol. No good speaking. Saw Danl Webster, Clay, & visited Library of Congress, a splendid collection! After dinner parted with Mr. Totten & was dismal all evening. Had several visitors. Next day went again to the capitol. Just returned when a carriage drove up and out stepped Martin Van Buren to pay "Miss Harriet" a morning call. I was delighted with him, and hope Uncle William intends supporting him. He will be President and is a widower. Were I at liberty I should almost be tempted to set my cap. Mr. Van B. seldom carries his gallantry so far as to call on ladies, although he is considered quite a beau. To our next Vice President, Col. Richard M. Johnson I have also been introduced, and expect a visit from him either today or tomorrow. He too is very pleasant and I have much amuse-

ment with him whenever I meet him. On Tuesday evening Mr. Miller, our member, & Genl. Anthony called with a carriage to take us to the Presidents, where we spent a delightful evening & were pressed by his Honor and the ladies to come very often. Mrs. Donaldsons child had been ill or she would have called to see us, but would do so very soon. We met here Dickinson, the Secy. of the Navy, the Spanish Minister and Blair, the Editor of the Globe, to whose house I am going to a large party on Tuesday next. Yesterday visited nearly all day with Judge McLean and a Mr. Lucas, an old batchelor of Virginia, a member and pretty much of a beau. We were at Mr. Forsythes, one of the heads of Department. Had calls from gentlemen all afternoon and evening.

I have got an elegant blossom col'd, silk trimmed swansdown, all the rage! and a pink cut velvet bonnet for which I paid eleven dollars. Dress making (Aunts & mine) cost only 17 dollars.

Now dear Grandma I am going to tell you a secret, about which be careful, Mr. T. and myself are engaged, and have been corresponding ever since my return from Sunbury. We do not expect to be married until some time next summer. Now please remember what I have told you is in confidence. I do not care about your mentioning that T. was in Carlisle & came on here to spend a week with us, but our engagement I do not wish you to mention.

Aunt joins in kind remembrance to you, Uncle Wm., Aunt D., Aunt Jenny & Cousin Wm.

I shall write sometime again soon, now must go and dress.

Affectionately,

HARRIET J. SEELY.



Captain Charles K. Bruner

Captain Charles K. Bruner, grandson of Mary Brady Gray and son of Rev. Martin Bruner, was born in Sunbury in 1820 and died in 1885. He was educated in Lancaster, studied law under Judge Jordan of Sunbury, and was admitted to the bar in 1843. In 1861 he was made captain of Co. F, 11th Penna. Vol., and served about six months. President Grant appointed him collector of internal revenue for the 14th Penna. district, which position he also held under President Hayes and President Arthur. His brother, William A. Bruner, was born in 1818 and killed during the battle of Fredericksburg. The Grand Army Post at Sunbury is named after him.



Lieutenant Colonel George Keyports Brady

George Keyports Brady was born at Chambersburg, Pa., Dec. 9, 1839, and died at Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20, 1899. He was



*CAPTAIN
CHARLES J. BRUNER*



*WILLIAM A. BRUNER
KILLED DURING BATTLE
OF FREDRICKSBURG*

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

a son of Hon. Jasper Ewing Brady, who represented his district in Congress.

On the outbreak of the Civil War he responded to the first call for troops, enlisting in Company B, 12th Pennsylvania Infantry, U. S. Vols., April 25, 1861, and remained with the Company until July 8th, when he accepted a commission as First Lieutenant, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., his appointment dating from May 14th, 1861. During the remainder of that year he was on duty at Fort Trumbell, Conn., and in Jan., 1862, joined his regiment at Perryville, Md. With it he participated in the battles of the Peninsular Campaign, Yorktown, Gaines Mills, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Smoker's Gap, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Laurel Hill, Petersburg, and Welden Railroad. In the last named battle, while serving as Adjutant General of the Brigade, he was wounded, taken prisoner and confined in Libby Prison. General Jos. Hayes in his official report says:

"To Lt., now Brevet Major Brady, 14th Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant General, my thanks are especially due. Performing with assiduous zeal and industry the duties of his department while in camp, he was no less conspicuous for his fidelity on the field. Although for his devotion he was made to share with me a period of painful captivity, though sick and in prison, he never repined, but met the fortunes of war with the spirit of a true soldier and gentleman.

JOSEPH HAYES

Late Commanding General

1st Brigade 2nd Division 5th Corps
Army of the Potomac.

He was promoted to Captain June 10, 1864, and August 18, 1864, received a brevet as Major, U. S. A., for his gallantry in the battle at the Welden Railroad. He was paroled in September, 1864, and went to New York City, where he did good service in the draft riot and, as soon as exchanged, rejoined his regiment at the front, and March 16, 1865, received a brevet as Lieut. Col. U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious services during the war. In October of that year he went to the Pacific coast, via Panama, and from that time to the day of his retirement his record is that of many another gallant soldier, untiring devotion to duty, the thousand petty details of caring for and cheering the men in the ranks at lonely frontier posts; perils of fire and flood, and savage foes, even more deadly than those he faced throughout the War of the Rebellion; services for which no recompense could be given,

not even a brevet, because the Government did not recognize Indian fighting as war.

The following extracts from official records show the high opinion of his military abilities held by his superior officers.

In 1882 General R. S. Mackenzie telegraphed him as follows: "This is an important matter and I send you for that reason as the officer best qualified for the work," which was rounding up a band of nearly two hundred Apaches who had jumped their reservation.

In 1885 Col. Roger Jones, Inspector General, Department of the East, in an endorsement on a communication from those headquarters uses the following language:

"I speak of Captain Brady in this connection because, besides being one of the best Company Commanders I have ever met, my acquaintance with and observation of him covering a period of nearly eighteen years, he has perhaps more practical knowledge about the accounts of soldiers and company records than any officer in the army, he having for many years kept and made out himself every record, report, account, &c, pertaining to his Company. With the knowledge thus acquired he unites a judgment and discrimination well qualifying him for this kind of work."

He was transferred to the 23rd Infantry, Sep. 21st, 1866; promoted to Major, 18th Infantry, March 1st, 1866; Lieutenant Colonel, 17th Infantry, March 19, 1891, and Aug. 16th, 1894, was retired, at his own request, after more than thirty years continuous service.

He was elected to the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States through the Commandery of the State of California, Nov. 19, 1884, and transferred to the Commandery of the State of Illinois, Jan 2, 1895, and during the four years of his membership there he rarely missed a meeting, and was devoted to the best interests of the Order.

He served his country well.



Dr. Mifflin Broadhead Brady

Dr. Mifflin Broadhead Brady, son of Col. George Keyports Brady, was born July 26, 1868, in Idaho; married Dec. 19, 1895,

to Harriet Venable, who was born July 24, 1868, at Cincinnati, Ohio, daughter of William Henry Venable, L. L. D., and Mary Vater Venable. He took the Scientific course at the "Chickering Classical and Scientific Institute" at Cincinnati, and graduated in June, 1885, winning the medal for first honors in the scientific course; was graduated from the Medical College of Ohio, March 6, 1890, served as one of seven resident physicians selected by competitive examination in the Cincinnati Hospital from April 10, 1890, to April 10, 1891, since which time he has been practicing medicine in that city.



While Jasper Ewing Brady, who at the time was living in Chambersburg, Pa., was in Congress he and Abraham Lincoln, who was then a Congressman from Illinois, became friends, and during the short session their seats were side by side. Mr. Brady's daughter in Washington has a note written to her by Mr. Lincoln.



Will of General Hugh Brady

The will of General Hugh Brady is dated Jan. 4, 1849. His sword which he carried through the War of 1812 he gave to his son, Samuel P. Brady, and he also gave to him the sword that the people of Pennsylvania, his native state, honored him with on the express understanding that it was to "descend from father to son, and only to be used in self defence and in defence of our country." His regulation sword he gave to his son-in-law, Major Electus Backus. His steel scabbard sword he gave to James L. Thompson, his son-in-law. His gilded scabbard sword, which he received as a present from Brevet Brigadier General George M. Brooks, he gave to the latter's son, Messor, "believing him in all respects to be a chip of the old block, and one who in case of need will hang up the lantern in face of the enemy's fire, regardless of consequences." His rifle, which he received from his brother John, he gave to the eldest son of the latter. He also remembered his grandsons, George N. Brady, Preston Brady and Samuel Brady, sons of Samuel P. Brady. The executors were Samuel P. Brady, and his sons-in-law, Electus Backus and James L. Thompson.

In the *Miltonian* of August 16, 1817, is an account of the trip which the President, Mr. Monroe, was taking at that time, part of which is as follows: "On Monday morning (Aug. 4th) he was again escorted by two troops of volunteer cavalry and about 500 citizens into Sackett's Harbor; he received the address of welcome and the congratulations of the citizens; he immediately mounted his horse and rode into the cantonment and received the 2nd Regiment U. S. Infantry commanded by Col. H. Brady, whose elegant appearance did the officers great honor; he next visited the large ships and then the elegant new stone Barracks called after his late predecessor Madison Barracks, where he sat down to an elegant dinner provided by the officers of the army and navy. He was to sail that night in the *Jones*, accompanied by Gen. Brown and staff for Niagara, but the wind being contrary, he breakfasted with Col. Brady in the cantonment and inspected the 2nd Regiment."



Tablet on the Detroit Museum of Art

On the grounds occupied by this building stood the home of General Hugh Brady, U. S. Army. One whose life was spent in the service of his country.

Born July 12, 1768.

Died April 15, 1851.

D. W. 1891.



James Y. Brady and His Descendants

James Young Brady, grandson of Hugh Brady, of Cumberland county, and fifth son of James and Rebecca Young Brady, was married on Feb. 24, 1814, to Sarah Ricketts, who was born in Huntingdon county, Pa. They settled on a farm in what was then Mahoning Township, Indiana county, Pa. Here James Y. Brady served as a Justice of the Peace for 43 years. After serving a little over forty years the Legislature passed a special act authorizing him to act for two years more. Mr. Brady lived to be eighty-five years old and is buried in Gilgal Cemetery in East



JOHN BRADY
Son of James V. Brady



CATHERINE LEE BRADY
Wife of John Brady

Mahoning township, Indiana county, Pa. Their children were:

ANDREW JACKSON BRADY, born Feb. 3, 1815; stayed on the farm on which he was born until he reached manhood. Was a cabinet maker by trade; went to Jefferson county, Pa., where he married Catherine Long, a daughter of a noted pioneer of that section. He served as a Justice of the Peace in Brookville for a number of years. One of his children, Louis Armstrong Brady, is a hardware merchant in Brookville.

JOHN BRADY, born July 10, 1816; married Catherine Lee, of Center county, Pa., June 5, 1844, and located on a farm in Indiana County, Pa., adjoining the one on which he was born, where he was engaged in farming and stock raising for a number of years. He afterward sold his farm and moved to Marion Center, Indiana county, Pa., where he kept a hotel, and in April, 1865, he moved with his family to Johnston County, Kansas, where he purchased a farm, twenty miles west of Kansas City. He was very fond of reading and took an active part in politics, serving his township as trustee, and was County Commissioner for two terms. He was familiarly known as Judge Brady because in those pioneer days in Kansas he was often called upon to settle disputes. In 1884 he left the farm and went to Baldwin, Kansas, in order that his remaining children might have the benefit of a college education, as Baker University is located there. Mr. and Mrs. Brady were members of the Presbyterian Church until their removal to Baldwin, when they united with the Methodist. Catherine Lee Brady died Dec. 8, 1898; John Brady died Aug. 3, 1901. They were the parents of twelve children: Elizabeth Brady, Sallie M. Brady Henderson, Silas Ebbert Brady, Nora C. Brady Long, Carrie A. Brady Wolfe, John L. Brady, State Senator from the fifth Kansas district; Agnes M. Brady Brown, Edgar Ferdinand Brady, Minnie Evelyn Brady Artlip, James H. Brady, Governor of Idaho; Dr. Allie Gertrude Brady Wiemer, Secretary of the Illinois Association of Suggestive Therapeutics, at Peoria; and May E. Brady Dugger.

MARY JANE BRADY, born Feb. 12, 1820; married Robert Chambers. After the death of her husband Mrs. Chambers moved to Punxsutawney, where she died several years ago.

JULIAN BRADY, born June 21, 1822; married Dr. Thomas Stewart; lived in Indiana County and from there moved to Terre Haute, Ind., and from there to Oregon, where Dr. Stewart died. She is now living with her daughter in Jacksboro, Texas. Mrs. Stewart was prominent as a lecturer and writer, and on several occasions while living in Texas during the Civil War her coolness, daring, courage and shot gun prevented an uprising among her own and her neighbors slaves.

JAMES COOK BRADY, born Dec. 23, 1825; while a young man he went to Effingham county, Illinois, where he was clerk of the County Court for some years; married Elizabeth Patterson; lived in Missouri for some years and then moved to Fort Worth, Texas, where he died.

OLIVER BRADY, born July 15, 1827; was brought up on the old homestead; afterward went to Jefferson county, Pa., and engaged in lumbering; married Margaret Long, a sister of his brother Jackson's wife; bought a farm and managed it until a few years previous to his death; was Justice of the Peace in Pine Creek Township, Jefferson county; died at the age of seventy-eight and is buried at Brookville.

EVALINE BARTON BRADY, born Oct. 10, 1829; married Samuel T. Means, a farmer and stockman, and resided near Frostburg, Jefferson county, Pa.

WILLIAM WALLACE BRADY, born Nov. 25, 1831; went west when a young man and afterward located at Decatur, Wise county, Texas, where he was engaged in buying and selling stock; was County Clerk of Wise county, a position which one of his sons now holds; was married to a Miss Bryan, of Tennessee.

GEORGE W. BRADY, born July 17, 1833; was brought up on his father's farm in South Mahoning township, Indiana county, Pa., and engaged in farming and lumbering until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he joined the "Mahoning Rifle Guards," of which Jacob Creps was Captain, John Pollock 1st Lieut., and George W. Brady 2nd Lieut., and which formed part of the Army of the Potomac. At the battle of Fair Oaks Lieuts. Pollock and Brady were wounded as were also Sergeant A. Brewer, Corporal Lemuel Brady, I. V. Brady, Hugh Brady, H. Work, John Brewer and many others. When Lieutenant Brady's wound had improved to some extent he reported to General Morris at Fort McHenry who placed him in command of Company B of the convalescents, and he was afterwards ordered to take 47 men who had become fit for duty to General Banks Army, near Culpepper Court House; after performing this duty Lieut. Brady returned home as he had resigned some time previous owing to his wound. After retiring from the army he engaged in farming and stock raising until 1878, when a fire insurance company was organized in Indiana, Jefferson and Armstrong counties and he was elected Secretary, which position he held for twenty years. He resides at Home, Pa.

SILAS WRIGHT BRADY, born July 24, 1836; when a young man he went to Brookville, where he learned the printer's trade, but afterward returned home and took charge of the farm; married Lucinda Hastings March 15, 1862, and they had five children, two of whom are living, R. C. Brady, of Indiana, Pa., and Sara M. Brady, of Philadelphia. Was commissioned a Justice of the Peace of South Mahoning Township in 1886. Lucinda Hastings Brady died in 1887, and in 1891 he was married again, to Mary Casper of Brookville; they have one daughter, Clara.



Governor James H. Brady

James H. Brady was born in Indiana county, Pennsylvania, in the early sixties. His parents were John and Catherine Lee Brady, and his grandfather was James Y. Brady.

While still a child Governor Brady moved with his father to the west and settled in Kansas, twenty miles from Kansas City. Here he received his early education, graduating from the high school and afterward attending Leavenworth Normal College, after which he taught school for three years, during which time he fitted himself for the practice of law.

He was editor and proprietor of the "Enterprise Register," a semi-weekly newspaper, for two years, and then engaged in the real estate and irrigation business, and at one time was the

largest owner of irrigation canals in the State of Idaho. He has now disposed of most of his irrigation interests, but still owns and controls the Idaho Consolidated Power Company, the largest power company in Idaho.

He has been active in public affairs in Idaho for a number of years; was delegate to the Republican National Convention that nominated McKinley and Roosevelt in 1900; Vice-President of the National Irrigation Congress from 1896 to 1898; member of the Executive Committee of the National Irrigation Congress from 1900 to 1904; Chairman Republican State Committee 1904 and 1906; nominated by acclamation Republican candidate for Governor of Idaho in 1908; and elected Nov. 3, 1908; honorary member Kansas Historical Society, 1909; chairman Idaho delegation to National Republican Convention at Chicago, 1908; appointed by Republican National Convention as a member of the committee to notify William H. Taft of his nomination, and attended the meeting of that committee at the Taft home at Cincinnati in July, 1908.



Senator John L. Brady

John Leeford Brady, son of John and Catherine Lee Brady, was born on his father's farm in Johnson county, Kansas, on August 18, 1866; was educated in the public schools and at Baker University; admitted to the bar in 1896 but did not practice; is the publisher and editor of the Lawrence Daily Journal; elected to the Kansas House of Representatives in 1904 and elected to the State Senate in 1908 for the term ending in 1913. Senator Brady is a Republican. He has one daughter, Vera Corinne Brady, who is a promising musician.



Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D.

(The following information was furnished by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Brady Brockunier, of Wheeling, West Virginia.)

The father of Hugh Brady, of Cumberland county, was Rev.

Dr. Nicholas Brady, D.D., Versifier of the Psalms, Rector of Claphams, London; English Chaplain to King William and Queene Anne. He was born at Bandon, County Cork, Oct. 28, 1659 and died at Richmond, May 22, 1726. He is buried at Richmond Cathedral, Clapham, London, England.

Nicholas Brady married June 29, 1690, Letitia, daughter of Rev. Dr. Synge, Archdeacon and afterward Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. They had

Rev. Nicholas Brady, rector of Footing.

Samuel Brady, born in 1693, M. D. to the forces and Mayor of Portsmouth in 1726. Died March 27, 1747. He was married twice.

Hugh Brady, born in 1709, emigrated from Enniskille, County Cork, Ireland, to the falls or forks of the Delaware River, thence to near Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. He married Hannah McCormick in 1730. They had Samuel, Captain John, Joseph, William, Hugh, Ebenezer, James, Mary and Margaret.

The following abstracts were taken by Col. S. H. Brockunier in Dec., 1903, from volumes in the British Museum, London.

From a tract in the British Museum entitled, "In loving memory of Sir Antonio Brady, Kt., at rest Dec. 12, 1881, aged 70. Reprinted from Stratford and South Sussex Advertiser."

Page 5. "According to the register record of the Irish Herald office, the family pedigree of the late Sir Antonio goes back to Milesius of Spain, who was the first conqueror of Ireland. Another fact, showing the extent of his connection with bye-gone ages, may be mentioned that among his ancestors are found the Rev. Hugh Brady, who was the first Bishop of Meath, consecrated in 1563, and Dr. Nicholas Brady, who was the author, in conjunction with Dr. Tate, of the well known metrical versions of the Psalms of David. Another relative of the deceased was the Right Hon. Maziere Brady, who died in 1858 after filling the office of Lord High Chancellor of Ireland on three specific occasions. The families of Brady, Kilner and Perigal have been for several generations associated by ties of friendship."

From *Alumni Oxoniensis*, Ed. of 1891, Oxford, p. 170, vol. 1, early series:

"Brady-Nicholas, s. Nicholas of Co. Cork, Ireland, gent. Christ Church, matric. 4 Feb. 1678-9, aged 18; a student from Westminster 1678-82; B. A. from Trinity Coll., Dublin 1685, M. A. 1686, B. and D.D., 1699, translator of the metrical version of the Psalms, prebend of St. Barry's in Cork with the living of Kilnaglarchy 1688, rector of Kilmyne and vicar of Dungan, diocese of Cork 1688, and of Kilgusave 1688, Chaplain to the Duke of Ormond's troop of guards, Chaplain to Wm. III, to Queen Mary and to Queen Anne, lecturer of St. Matthew, Wood St., London, minister of St. Catherine Cree Church, curate of Richmond, Surrey, and kept school there, vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon 1703-5, rector of Clapham, Surrey, 1706, and until his death 20 May, 1726, buried in that church 26th., a great grandson of Hugh Brady, 1st. Protestant Bishop of Meath, born at Cork, 28 Oct. 1659. See Rawlinson III 261, IV 310, XVI 248, 265; *Alumni West*, 183, *Hearne II*, 73; and *D. N. B.*"

Col. Brockunier also copied the following on Dec. 1, 1902,



HUGH SOBIESKI BRADY
Mayor of Wheeling, State Treasurer and Secretary of
State of West Virginia

at the house of the Beadle of the Richmond, England, Parish Church (St. Mary Magdalene.)

"Richmond and its Inhabitants from Earliest Times," by Wm. Crisp, London, 1866, Published by Hiscocke and Sons and J. T. Cooke.

Page 160. "It will be interesting to many of our readers to learn that Mr. Nicholas Brady, afterwards Dr. Brady, held the curacy of Richmond for a period of many years, he being proposed for the office by many gentlemen of this place on the 4th of June, 1690; to which he was unanimously elected as a "fitt and proper person" and on the 22nd. of May, 1698, there is the following: "Wee the Gentlemen of the Vestry, having seen a version of the Psalms of David fitted to the tunes used in Churches by Mr. Brady and Mr. Tate together with his Majesties order of allowance in Council bearing date at Kensington the 3d. day of December, 1696, doe willingly receive the same and desire they may be used in our congregation."



Descendants of Rev. Joseph Brady

Joseph Brady, the third son of Hugh Brady, had seven children, Hugh, Joseph, Margaret, Mary, Jane, Hannah and Elizabeth. Of these Hugh married Keziah Chambers; he died in 1796. Mary married Col. Thomas McCune, of Philadelphia. Jane married Paul Martin, of Monmouth, Ill. Margaret married a Mr. Brown. Hannah married Joseph Duncan, and Elizabeth married James McKee. Joseph, the second son, graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in the class of 1798, and was licensed in 1802 to preach in the Presbyterian Churches in Perry county, and he ministered to these churches until his death April 24, 1821, at the age of 47. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Foster, of Carlisle, Pa.

The children of Rev. Joseph Brady and Elizabeth Foster Brady were:

Thomas Foster Brady, born Jan. 10, 1805, who was lost at sea.

Mary Carnahan Brady, born March 9, 1806, and married Abram Hendel, of Carlisle, Pa. They had one son and one daughter, now deceased.

Joseph Crawford Brady, born Sept. 10, 1807, married Mary Robinson and moved to Cincinnati; they had one son and one daughter. The daughter married a friend of her brother, and when the Civil war broke out her husband, brother and father enlisted, leaving her and her mother at home together. They all disappeared during the fighting in Tennessee and the anxiety caused the untimely death of the daughter and her child at the time of the latter's birth. Mrs. Brady thus being left alone, denied even the consolation of certain knowledge as to the fate of her husband and children, died of a broken heart, thus closing one of the unwritten tragedies of the war.

Alfred Brady, born April 20, 1809; died in 1825.

John Hays Beatty Brady, born Jan. 26, 1811; died Feb. 15, 1815.

Earnest Augustus Erasmus Brady, born Feb. 15, 1814, married Margaret Calhoun Dipple and moved to Monmouth, Ill. Their children were Margaret, Annie, Earnest, Thomas, Sobieski, Torrence and Joseph, who became a physician and removed to near Philadelphia, Pa.

John Brady, born Nov. 15, 1815, died Nov. 25, 1815.

Hugh Sobieski, born Nov. 28, 1816, married Mary Elizabeth Caldwell Aug. 29, 1838, and died in Wheeling, West Virginia, Sept. 12, 1888.

Rebecca Crawford, born April 14, 1818, died in infancy.



Hugh Sobieski Brady

Hugh Sobieski Brady, son of Rev. Joseph Brady, was born at Carlisle, Pa., Nov. 28, 1816, and received his early education there. At an early age he was deprived of parental care. In 1832 at the age of 16 he became a teller in the old Carlisle bank, and in 1835 went to Philadelphia and became corresponding clerk of the Farmers and Mechanics Bank; though yet under his majority he displayed such ability in financial matters that he was sent to Wheeling to take the position of cashier of the old Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Wheeling. This position he held until the bank was succeeded by the Merchants National Bank, when Mr. Brady resigned, and for some years lead a retired life. On the 31st of January he was called by Gov. Jacob to the position of State Treasurer and filled that office until his appointment as Secretary of State by Governor Matthews in March 1877. He filled this office with honor and dignity, and upon his retirement to private life resided in Wheeling until his death Sept. 16, 1888. He was prominent in municipal affairs and served his city for nearly a quarter of a century as councilman and mayor. On Jan. 31, 1850, he was presented by council with a massive silver pitcher, appropriately inscribed, in testimony of the esteem of his fellow citizens. For forty years he was vestryman of Saint Matthews P. E. Church and for more than twenty years he was senior warden of that church. He ended a long life of honor and usefulness, beloved not only by his family, but by the whole community. His wife was Mary Elizabeth Caldwell, daughter of Judge Alexander Caldwell of Virginia.

Hugh Sobieski Brady and Mary Elizabeth Caldwell Brady had fifteen children, as follows:

Louisa Scovill Brady, who married John Horsley, of Warminister, Va.; they had nine children:

George Brady, died in infancy.

Alexander Caldwell, born June 28, 1863, married Willemena Gilmer, and who have children, Louise Scovill, Alexander Caldwell, Francis Brady and John Gilmer.

Mary Elizabeth, married Henry Taylor and died without issue.

John Sydnor, born April 7, 1867.

Louise Brady, born March 9, 1869.

Ida Yancey, born April 7, 1871.

Jeanette Neave, born Jan. 19, 1873, married Henry Glover in 1904 and has two children, Mary and Henry.

Annie C., born Jan. 29, 1875, married Russell Moon in 1901 and has two children, Channing and Russell.

Mildred Scott, born Dec. 19, 1877.

The second child of Sobieski Brady was Elizabeth Caldwell, born Feb. 21, 1841, married Charles W. Brockunier Oct. 25, 1865. She has been elected Regent of the West Virginia Society, Daughters of the Revolution, three times. Mr. and Mrs. Brockunier had six children, as follows:

Charles W., born July 21, 1866, died Oct. 3, 1883.

Samuel Hugh, born Oct. 30, 1868, mining engineer, aide-de-camp to Gov. White in 1901 to 1905 with rank of Colonel; married Clare Reed of Lowell, Mass., they have five children, Charles W.; Sam Hugh; Elizabeth Brady; Clare Reed and Sawyer Reed.

Mary Georgianna, born Jan. 24, 1871.

Elizabeth Shirley, born June 1, 1873, married Wilson Ferguson, of Philadelphia, and they have four children, Charles Brockunier, Elizabeth Brady, Shirley and Mary Georgianna.

Elbert Hobbs, born May 23, 1874, died Feb. 23, 1885.

Sara Zane, born April 10, 1879, married George Forsyth, and they have two children, Henry Holmes and Charles B., who is deceased.

The third child was Alexander Caldwell Brady, died in infancy.

The fourth child of Sobieski Brady was Alfred Foster Brady, born March 4, 1844 and married Mildred Scott in 1874; they live in Howardsville, Va., and have children, Sallie Scott, Alfred Foster, who resides in Wheeling, Elbert Halsted, deceased, and Hugh Sobieski.

The fifth child of Sobieski Brady was Alexander Caldwell, born March 2, 1846, died Jan. 30, 1848.

The sixth was Joanna Good, born Sept. 4, 1847, married Walter Hurt of Cleveland and died childless in 1892.

The seventh was Charles Neave Brady, born May 30, 1849, married Mary Paxton, and lives in Washington, Pa., where he is president of the Hazel-Atlas Glass Co. of Wheeling; his children are Flora Paxton, Meldrum and Mary Louise.

The eighth was Joseph Caldwell Brady, born Sept. 3, 1851 and married Anna Hubbard. He is secretary of the Hazel-Atlas Glass Co. In 1896 he was elected to the West Virginia Legislature and served for four years; his children are Marian P., Alice Chamberlin, Chester Hubbard, Hester Virginia, Ethel Russell, Mildred Willett and Marjorie.

The ninth was William Sobieski Brady, born Sept. 4, 1853, married Sarah Hildreth.

The tenth was Elbert Halsted, born Dec. 2, 1865, died Jan. 15, 1876.

The eleventh and twelfth were Mary Linn Brady and Louis Linn Brady, died in infancy.

The thirteenth child was Fannie Perkins, born April 4, 1862.

The fourteenth was Jane Neave, born June 26, 1864, married Dr. Eugene A. Hildreth in 1892; they have William Sobieski, Richard Prescott, Jeffrey Reed, who is deceased, Eugenius Augustus, Susan M., deceased, Hugh Brady, deceased, Mary Caldwell, Sarah Brady, Jane Neave, Francis Brady, Helene Halsted, deceased, Nathaniel Thomas.

The fifteenth child was Ethel May, born May 12, 1868 and died Nov. 28, 1880.

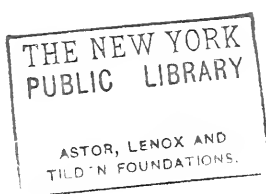


Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, D.D.

Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, son of Jasper Ewing Brady, Jr., was born in 1861 at Allegheny, Pa. Graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1883; L.L. D. St. John's College; in railroad service with the Missouri Pacific and Union Pacific for several years; studied theology under Bishop Worthington in Nebraska; was rector of Protestant Episcopal churches in Missouri and Colorado, archdeacon of Kansas until 1895, and archdeacon of Penna. until 1899; rector of St. Paul's Church, Overbrook, Philadelphia, from 1899 to 1902, when he resigned to engage in literary work. During the Spanish-American War he was Chaplain of the 1st Penna. Volunteer Infantry; is a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science; S. A. R. Military Order of Foreign Wars. He is a member of the Authors Club of New York; University and Franklin Inn of Philadelphia



COLONEL JASPER EWING BRADY



and the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn. As an author he is brilliant and among his writings are "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," "Stephen Decatur," "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," "Commodore Paul Jones," "American Fights and Fighters," "Reuben James," "When Blades are Out and Love's Afield," "Under 'Topsails and Tents," "Colonial Fights and Fighters," "Hohenzollern," "The Southerners," "Border Fights and Fighters," "The Bishop," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Sir Henry Morgan-Buccaneer," "In the War with Mexico," "The Corner in Coffee," "A Little Traitor to the South," "A Midshipman in the Pacific," "Indian Fights and Fighters," "The Records," "The Two Captains," "Conquest of the Southwest," "Three Daughters of the Confederacy," "My Lady's Slipper," "The True Andrew Jackson," "The Patriots."

Dr. Brady resides at present in Kansas City, Mo.; he has been twice married, first to Clarissa Guthrie, who died in 1890; they had three children; and secondly to Mary Barrett, and they have three children.



Colonel Jasper Ewing Brady

Colonel Jasper Ewing Brady was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 12, 1866; son of Jasper Ewing Brady, Jr., and Cora Townsend Brady; in 1871 he removed with his parents to Leavenworth, Kansas; attended the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas. Became a telegraph operator and as such worked in various capacities all over the country. In 1886 he enlisted in the United States Navy as a private in the Marine Corps. After serving eight months he was honorably discharged. In 1887 he enlisted in the United States Army as a private and served for a little over two years as an enlisted man, when he passed a rigid examination and was appointed a second lieutenant, 19th Infantry; remained continuously in the service until 1899, resigning as captain. During the Chicago strike he served on General Miles' staff, and during the Spanish-American War he was censor of telegraphs and chief of the bureau of information of the Army. In speaking of Captain Brady, Lieutenant

General Nelson A. Miles says, "Captain Brady is one of the most efficient and distinguished officers that came under my observation during his service." In 1895 he graduated from the United State Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. After resigning from the army he located at Brooklyn, New York, and was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-Third Regiment of the New York National Guard by Governor Theodore Roosevelt. In 1899 Colonel Brady entered the insurance business and continued in it as a manager and superintendent of several large companies. At present he is vice president and general manager of the Modern Life Insurance Company, of Indiana. Colonel Brady has been a great traveler and has been over most of the known world. He is a Mason, Knight of Pythias, a member of the Press Club, of Chicago; the Indiana Club and the Country Club, of South Bend, Ind. He is the author of "Tales of the Telegraph" and "On Secret Service" and many miscellaneous writings for various newspapers and magazines, and is prominent in writing military reviews.

Colonel Brady is married to Lillian Fowler Miller, and is the father of two sons, George Keyports Brady and Jasper Ewing Brady.



The Piatts

Mary Brady, daughter of Sheriff John Brady, son of Captain John Brady, married William Piatt, a prominent surveyor who ran the lines for many counties of Pennsylvania, and after whom Piatt township, Lycoming county, is named. They had nine children, one of whom, William McKinney Piatt, became Speaker of the Senate of Pennsylvania. He was born in 1814 near Allenwood, Pa., and died in 1889 at Tunkhannock, Pa. His wife was Rebecca McClintock, of Jersey Shore, Pa.

William McKinney Piatt was born on a farm and his early education was secured by the light of pine knots on the kitchen floor. His first hundred dollars was earned as a boy of nineteen boating stone for the Muncy dam on the Susquehanna River, and was afterward used in defraying his expenses at the Lewisburg Academy. He followed the profession of his father and studied

civil engineering and helped survey for the state canal. He secured a position in the prothonotary's office at Williamsport, and afterward read law under Judge Elwell and admitted to practice at Tunkhannock, Pa. In 1854 he was chosen State Senator and in 1856 was elected Speaker of the Senate. He was a Democrat and made the first war speech in his county. He practiced law for nearly fifty years and at various times held the offices of school director, burgess, councilman, county chairman, and delegate to state and national conventions. He was a Presbyterian. He had four sons, all of whom became active and prominent in their community. They are Robert McClintock Piatt, who is a real estate man; Frank Hammond Piatt, who graduated from Lafayette College in 1870, and has been county superintendent, postmaster and member of the State Legislature; James Wilson Piatt, who also graduated from Lafayette College and is a prominent attorney in Tunkhannock, and has been district attorney and delegate to Democratic state and national conventions. He is prominent in Freemasonry. His daughter, Eulalie Mae Piatt, studied law under him and has been admitted to the bar. Joseph Wood Piatt, the fourth son of William McKinney Piatt, is also a lawyer at Tunkhannock and is a well known newspaper writer. His son, William McKinney Piatt, is a civil engineer in the south.

Hannah Brady, daughter of Sheriff John Brady, also married a William Piatt, and one of her sons, Hermon Clien Piatt, was a member of the Iowa Legislature. He was a brother of the late McCall Piatt, of Montgomery, Pa.

John Brady Piatt, a son of Mary Brady Piatt, and brother of William McKinney Piatt, and who lived in the White Deer Valley, had a son William Brady Piatt who was chief burgess of Watsontown, Pa., in 1881 and 1892.



Pennsylvania Archives, 3rd Series, Vol. 1, page 26: Hugh Brady, of Chester County, had warranted to him 150 acres of land in Paxtang Township, on Feb. 22, 1733.

Among the captains whom we are unable to locate in any particular regiment were Joseph Brady and Robert Quigley.—History of Cumberland and Adams Counties, page 90.

In 1778 Joseph Brady was appointed one of a committee of four to attend to estates forfeited for treason.—History of Cumberland and Adams Counties, page 95.

Among the subscribers to the old stone Church built at Middlespring in 1781 were Captain Joseph Brady, Samuel Hanna, Hugh Brady and Ebenezer Brady.

About forty years ago Mrs. Withington, a very old lady, who lived in Sunbury all her life, told Thomas A. Murdock that she distinctly remembered when a girl, of Captain Samuel Brady visiting the Grays on one occasion when the men of the town built a platform and put him on it and carried him all around town, much to his embarrassment and discomfiture.

In 1812 General Hugh Brady and Daniel Levy fought a duel with swords at Michael Kutzner's Hotel, (now the Donnel home, on Market Street, across the square from the Court House.) Levy sustained a wound in the shoulder and the loss of his queue, while Brady broke his sword, and more serious consequences might have occurred if Michael Kutzner and Samuel Awl had not separated the combatants—Bell's History of Northumberland County, page 476.

There are several sword marks from this duel still plainly seen on the window sill.

Brady Township, Lycoming County, Pa., was named after Captain John Brady.

Brady Township, Huntingdon County, Pa., was named after Captain John Brady.

Brady Township, Clearfield County, Pa., was named after Captain Samuel Brady.

Brady Township, Butler County, Pa., was named after Captain Samuel Brady, as were also East Brady, Brady's Bend in the Allegheny River and Brady's Bend Township in Armstrong County, Pa., and Brady's Lake in Ohio.

Brady's Point at Lake Mokoma, Sullivan County, Pa., was named after Captain John Brady.

Fort Brady in Michigan was named after Gen. Hugh Brady.

There are several Lodges in Central Pennsylvania named



*JOHN BRADY
SON OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY
OF THE RANGERS*

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after Captain John Brady. Three of Captain John Brady's sons, General Hugh Brady, William P. Brady and Sheriff John Brady, were Freemasons, members of Lodge No. 22, at Sunbury, Pa. At that time the initiation fee was three hundred dollars.



Brady Countesses

Hugh Brady, grandson of Hugh Sr., married Keziah Chambers who, after the death of her young husband, remarried and removed to Tennessee. A great grand-daughter of Hugh and Keziah Brady, Antoinette V. Polk, of Nashville, Tenn., married Count de Charrette, of Paris. Her niece, Florence K. Drouillard, a great great grand-daughter of Hugh and Keziah Brady, married Count de Pourtale, of Paris, and has three little daughters, Gladys, Roxanne and Ariane—three Brady countesses—seven generations from Hugh Brady pioneer.



Extract from Poem Written by Col. Thomas Chamberlin for the Unveiling of the Brady Monument at Muncy, Pa., October 15th, 1879.

The times, alas, were out of joint, from far
 Sped the low mutt'rings of the kindled war
 That once begun should wrest, or soon or late,
 A growing empire from a parent state.
 The clang of arms was heard from Concord town—
 From Bunker Hill the din was echoed down,
 While wrathfully on all our skirting seas
 Old England's fiery cross waved in the breeze.
 Came the hot muster of the patriot band
 In every province of the outraged land.
 No hamlet so remote, no peopled glen
 But heard and met the instant cry for men.
 And Otzinachson's vale gave of its best
 To march, and strike and suffer with the rest.
 From all the river's winding course they came,
 And every tribute stream, with hearts aflame,
 Though Otzinachson's vale could illy spare
 Its scanty marksmen from the outposts there.
 For still the painted savage, westward borne,
 Of all he deemed his own unjustly shorn,

And smarting in stern silence 'neath the load
 Of heaped up woes that stung him like a goad.
 Hung with dread menace on the upper stream,
 Soothing his soul with vengeance' horrid dream.
 Full oft for real or imagined wrong
 The wooded hills had heard his battle song,
 And swift as arrow from the twanging bow
 He struck the settler's happy home below
 To scalp and kill, of pitying heart bereft,
 While fire consumed what tomahawk had left.
 And now his hour of triumph seemed to draw
 Nearer, and still more near,—with joy he saw
 Each little band of hardy pioneers
 March to the war with patriotic cheers,
 And whispered to himself with glowing glee:
 "So many foeman less to baffle me!"
 Needed but Tory wiles and British gold
 To fan his rising hate to heat untold;
 Needed but stern repulse to patriot arms
 To fill this beauteous vale with sad alarms.
 And gold lacked not. The settler's hopes went down
 With news of Brandywine and Germantown.
 Came days and nights of terror—mothers drew
 Closer their babes, for swift the rumor flew
 Of sudden onslaught by the stealthy foe
 Now on the streams above, and now below;
 Of murder, fire and pillage,—of distress
 And torture linked with horrors mentionless.
 Strong hearts that owned no fear made inward moan
 At thought of other's peril—not their own,—
 For none might know where next the blow would fall,
 Or if the scalping knife awaited all.
 Ah, who shall stay the red man's murd'rous hand?
 Ah, who shall bid the wavering paleface stand
 And guard the soil his brawny arms had cleared,
 And reap the fruits his patient toil had reared?
 A BRADY to the rescue! from the war—
 His valor signed and sealed with honest scar
 Won at the Brandywine's disastrous fight—
 Came Captain John—as brave and true a knight
 As ever wielded sword or splintered lance—
 One of the souls that urge the world's advance!
 Tall and superb and sinewy of form,
 Heedless of summer heat or winter storm,
 With step as buoyant as the leaping flame,
 And eye whose quickness put the hawk to shame;
 Gifted with generous gifts of heart and mind,
 Tempered with prudence far beyond his kind;
 Dwell where he might, in city or in glen,
 Nature had stamped him Leader among men.
 No novice, he, in arts of savage strife,
 Who oft in venture where the gage was life
 Had fathomed all the red man's darksome ways,

Back in the bloody French and Indian days,
 And matched whate'er the cunning foe might do,
 With *deeper wile*—his stratagem with *two*.
 Joy broke upon the valley when it heard
 Of his return. Exulting at the word
 Each lonely cabin from the Blue Hill's base,
 Where the twin rivers rush to an embrace,
 To the Great Island, heard the laugh and song
 That sense of common woe had smothered long,
 Until it seemed as if his *name* alone
 From graves of buried hopes had rolled the stone,
 And bid new strength and confidence repair
 To hearths where reigned an ashen hued despair.
 Fain would the patriotic soldier take repose.
 Duty forbade. His quenchless spirit rose
 Superior to the war-worn body's needs,
 Danger still lurked, and this the hour for deeds!
 Mid thronging perils tirelessly he passed,
 Now by the stream and now through forests vast,
 To league his scattered brethren for defence—
 Strengthen the young and trembling settlements—
 Make safe the wives, and babes and helpless old—
 Give needed caution to the overbold,
 And watch and meet each anxious day's demands
 As with an hundred eyes, an hundred hands.
 Not his the fault that ere the harvest came
 The river's reaches, swept as with a flame,
 Scattered their scanty few, of help denied,
 And desolation brooded o'er its tide.
 Sapped by the war's unceasing drafts, of strength,
 No puny force might guard its winding length—
 No human voice the whirl of terror bated
 That followed swift Wyoming's ghastly fate.
 But if a Brady's task was ordered well
 Let the sad annals of the valley tell;
 Let the traditions of our fathers speak—
 Attest fair river and each mountain peak;
 And you, fierce Mingo, who had vowed his fall,
 Own that you *dreaded Brady most of all!*

Gone is the red man from this loved resort;
 Gone the last vestige of the humble fort
 That in your village confines had its seat—
 In danger's hour a near and sure retreat.
 But though the stronghold and its rude stockade
 Have vanished long, in dust and ashes laid,
 The builder's fame like pure empyrean star
 Still burns with steady light, and beams afar.
 What though his oak-ribbed fortress might not save
 The life that ransomed others from the grave?
 If long withheld, the vengeful bullet sped
 And laid at last in dust his honored head?
 The patriot's work was done. For him the prize

That crowns long labor of self sacrifice—
 His comrades' sobs, his neighbors' welling tears,
 A people's love that deepens with the years,
 A sweetly lingering memory fed by dew
 Of grateful hearts forevermore anew !
 All sealed his lips and quenched the spark divine,
 But from his loins had leaped a manly line
 To bear that name aloft to latest breath
 And hundred fold avenge a father's death!

And with a Brady's name what others throng
 Swift to the mind and claim a place in song.
 A Scudder, good for council as for fight;
 A Wallace, staunch in danger's darkest night;
 McKinney, firm in duty with the rest,
 And Knapp, and Young, and loyal-souled Vannest;
 All sterling neighbors, tried and trusted friends,
 Joying to serve their leaders noble ends.
 Prompt to the urgency of that trying time
 What other heroes sprang and shone sublime !
 Through the deep shadows that around them fall
 I hear a Cooke's, a Hunter's trumpet call;
 The voice of Hartley echoes through the land,
 And hark ! the stalwart Kelly's stern command !
 Here Potter chafes to strike the cunning foe,
 And watchful Antes wards a threatening blow,
 There Covenhoven threads the pathless woods,
 And Long's brave rangers breast the swelling floods,
 Whilst, battling 'gainst mad chances, all too soon
 Near Freeland's smoking ruins falls a Boone.
 Through gathering mists of years they tower, all these,
 Like grand old Vikings of the northern seas !
 Gleamed like a meteor blaze their bright career
 Through peril's lingering night on this frontier,
 To foes a spring of terror and dismay,
 To friends a token of triumphant day !
 Oh, on the shaft that gratefully we raise
 To Brady's name, with mingled tears and praise,
 Unseen, with his, are blazoned all their deeds
 Who sprang to meet an Infant nation's needs.
 And while Bald Eagle stands, as *one* shall glow
 Their fame, and cease with Susquehanna's flow.

